

TWENTY CENTS

AUGUST 26, 1960

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

RUNNING MATE NIXON

His message: Change trains for the future.



State Commander V-8 Starliner "hard-top"—also available as a Champion.

White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and glass-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

## Excitingly styled new Studebaker saves gas amazingly

THE JET-STREAMED look of a 1952 Studebaker tips you off to one secret of its gas economy.

The whole car is trim and sleek—free from power-wasting excess weight.

Thanks to this advantage, a Studebaker Champion and Commander V-8 finished first and second in actual gas mileage—ahead of all standard class cars competing in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run.

Like most of the contenders, the Studebakers used Overdrive. It's available at extra cost—and so is Studebaker Automatic Drive. Try out a thrifty Studebaker right away.

*See Studebaker for '52*

The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



Sleek "swept-back" lines are a Studebaker style mark. Get a Commander V-8—or a Champion in lowest price field.

RESEARCH KEEPS

# B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

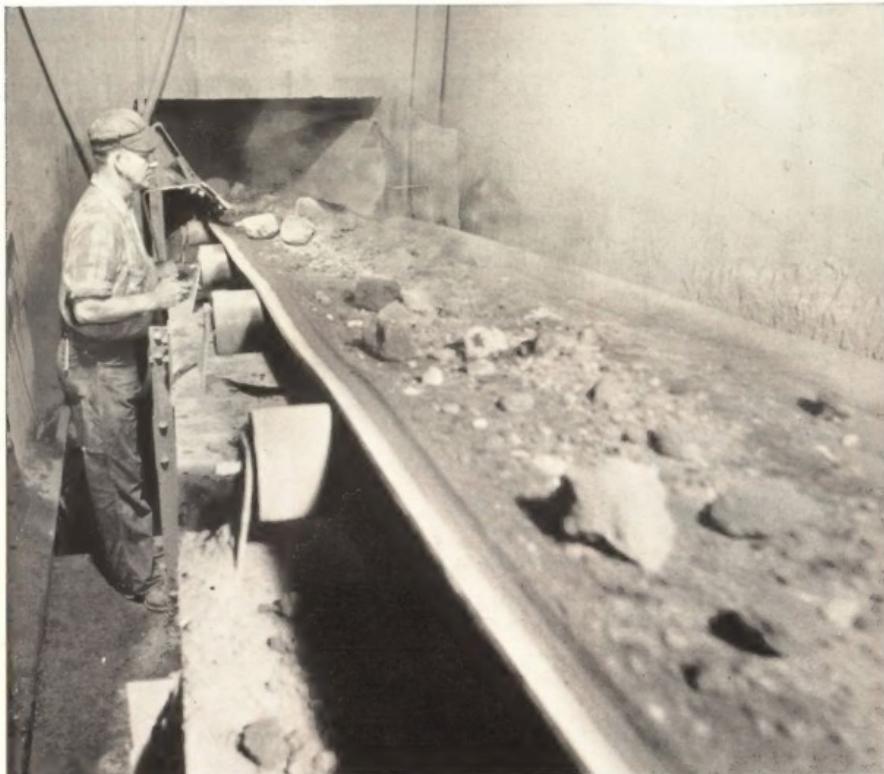


Photo courtesy United Engineering & Foundry Co., New Castle, Pa.

## Sizzling sand poured on rubber

*A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber*

STEAMING hot sand, from molds used to make steel castings, is dumped on this belt every few minutes.

Ordinary belts stood the sizzling sand for only 30 days. A belt made of woven asbestos lived a short, simmering life of 60 days. But even during this brief life, the belt had to have "first aid" every week—a dressing to protect it from the heat.

The company was far from satisfied. They asked about rubber, but every salesman said it couldn't stand the

terrific heat. Every salesman, that is, but one.

A B.F. Goodrich man told them that his company had developed a special heat-resisting rubber for belts carrying such things as hot sand, lime, nitrates. Instead of ordinary fabric, they used glass fabric to make a belt that can stand heat as high as 500° F. Put to work here, the BFG belt outlasted all previous belts. It performed for two years—a ripe old age for a belt in a busy foundry that works 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

New and improved products, like this hot material belt, are the result of the B.F. Goodrich emphasis on research—finding better and more economical ways of getting things done with industrial rubber products. That's why it pays to keep in touch with your BFG distributor for the latest ways to save with rubber. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

**B.F. Goodrich**  
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



**When sun, wind, water** dry out hair and scalp, try 50 seconds' brisk massage with Vitalis Hair Tonic. Its exclusive formula prevents dryness . . . feels stimulating, refreshing. You FEEL the difference right away!



**You SEE the difference** in your hair, after 10 seconds' combing. It's far handsomer, healthier-looking—and it stays in place longer. (Vitalis contains new grooming discovery.) Use Vitalis this summer—you'll FEEL and SEE the difference!

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Laboratory tests prove Vitalis kills 99% of the most infectious dandruff on contact, as no mere oil dressing can.



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**Vitalis®**  
HAIR TONIC  
and the  
**"60-Second Workout"**  
*A Product of Bristol-Meyers*

## LETTERS

### Jack Is Jake with Arvey

Sir:

Re Chicago's Democratic Boss Jacob Arvey: TIME has it Jack Arvey. Nearly everybody else has it Jake Arvey? Which is it? Yours, for suppression of him, whichever it is.

A. FRANKLIN SHULL

Ann Arbor, Mich.

¶ Chicagoans call Jacob M. Arvey both Jake and Jack. Arvey likes Jack.—Eo.

### Well-Tailored Homespun

Sir:

Why must many Americans, like James Crawford of San Francisco [who objected to Adlai Stevenson's "Princetonian" accent—TIME, Aug. 11], demand the homespun type for our public offices? . . . I find the American fetishism for backwoods utterance a trifle tiresome and completely childish. At election time, surely no one of intelligence will measure a man's capabilities by the manner in which he pronounces a word . . .

ELEANOR GREEN GLESS

Hollywood

Sir:

Let's hope . . . that Ike's scantily clad platitudes become as well-tailored as Adlai Stevenson's sentences—spats and all.

DANIEL CAMERON

### Candidates' Condition (Marital)

Sir:

In the Aug. 4 issue of TIME, you say, referring to Governor Stevenson: "As the first divorced presidential nominee of a major

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TIME  
August 25, 1952

Volume LX  
Number 8

our cap's off to men  
who want an effective  
deodorant...a masculine  
cologne...all in one  
bottle. now 90c plus tax



**P.S.**  
OUR CHEFS SPEAK

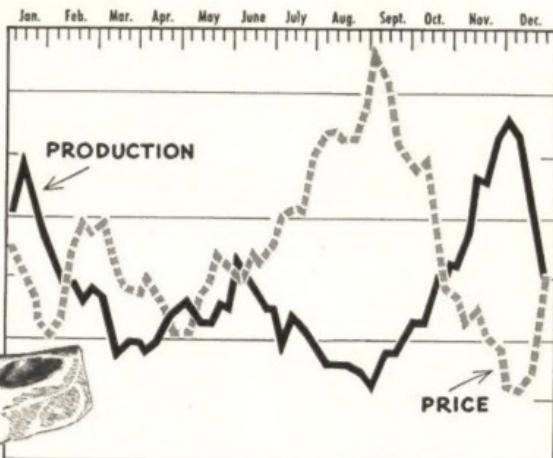
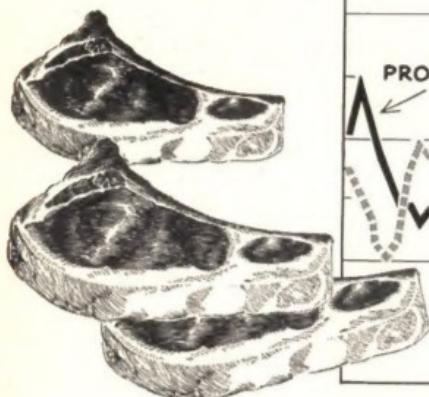
**ENGLISH!**

And our menus prove it! We don't try to give you an inferiority complex; we know too many people from your home town for us to put on airs. Whether it's food, service or accommodations, our staff will give you the best hotel value in New York! Try us the next time you are Manhattan-bound.

**HOTEL New Yorker**  
New York

Frank L. Andrews, President  
Gene Voit, General Manager

# What law sends pork prices up in summer ... down again in winter?



This chart shows the relationship between pork production and pork prices based on figures for 1947-49 (a typical period), which the government is now using as the index-base period.

The well known law of *supply and demand*. With pork, it works like this:

More than half the pigs are born in spring—also according to law, the *law of nature*. They spend a good six months growing to pork-chop size.

As a result, fewer pigs are ready for market during the summer months. And meat packers have to pay higher prices in order to get enough pork to fill customers' orders.

Then, along about the time the first leaves fall,

all these pigs begin to come to market. And the same thing happens as with any other perishable commodity (strawberries, eggs or oranges) when there is suddenly a lot more than there was.

The price just naturally goes down!

The chart above shows how the cycle goes. *Less pork—higher prices* through the summer followed by *more pork, lower prices* during the winter.

Remember, summertime is the time when a big new meat crop is "growing up" on America's farms and ranches.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE  
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# How your gas savings will pay for your oil

(YOU CAN CUT COSTS ON YOUR CAR)



1 "Want to save money on the up-keep of your car?"  
"Naturally, who doesn't?"



2 "Well, here's how. Change to Macmillan Motor Oil from any oil you have been using, and you'll save enough on gas to pay for a fill of Macmillan."

3 "How is that possible?"  
"Because hundreds and hundreds of road tests on cars like yours showed that motorists got an average of 8% more power from the same amount of gasoline after they changed to Macmillan Oil."



4 "That 8% more power means 8% savings in gas. With gas at 25¢ a gallon, that is a 2¢ saving or \$2.00 over a normal period between changes. That's enough to pay for a re-fill of Macmillan."



5 "Wait a second. How can a motor oil save that much gas?"  
"Because at 40 miles an hour on a level road, half of your gasoline is used up overcoming engine friction."

And, of course, this economy isn't the whole story, either. For while it's reducing friction, Macmillan Oil reduces deposits of carbon, gum, and sludge in the engine—giving you higher compression, better piston seal and less likelihood of ping—lower repair bills. It keeps your car newer longer.

Start using Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil in your car now—at any of the 25,000 independent service stations, garages or car dealers where you see the big, red "M" sign. Write me personally if you can't locate one quickly. I'll reply at once.

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party) in U.S. history, Stevenson will face an issue never raised before."

... I have been under the impression that Governor James M. Cox of Ohio, Democratic nominee against Warren G. Harding in 1920, was a divorced man . . .

FORT MILL, S.C. W. R. BRADFORD

Reader Bradford is right. But Candidate Cox had remarried by the time he was defeated by Harding in 1920.—ED.

## Producer's Proposal

Sir:

SUGGEST DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN COMMITTEES ADD FATHER RAYMOND LEOPOLD BRUCKERBERG [TIME, AUG. 11] TO CAMPAIGN STAFFS AS CONSULTANT.

WALTER WANGER

## Navy Retirements

Sir:

It is about time that the Navy's "brazen prejudice" be exposed as in the case of Captain Hyman Rickover [TIME, Aug. 4]. Although this case appears a little unusual, it is not the first instance where the Legion of Merit was soon followed by the order of the boot.

Interweaving the retirement and promotion policies so that captains who fail twice of selection are automatically retired in their early 50s has deprived the Navy of a wealth of experience. It is a silly and profligate practice . . . Throughout industry, the universal practice is to retire at age 65. No company in this country is so rich that it could afford retirement below 60. The cost in dollars between retiring at 55 and 65 is over \$53,000. Such extravagance in dollars is bad enough, but the waste in experience is inexcusable . . .

It would be interesting to know how many other captains were forced into retirement by the same selection board and at what cost.

S. E. DUDLEY

Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

It's entirely possible that the naval selection board which passed over Captain Hyman Rickover for rear admiral may be operating under a motive not as evident as prejudice. However, on the surface, their actions make us wonder how that board can put forth a defensible explanation of those actions . . .

In our life and times America cannot afford to dispense with the technical knowledge and brilliant accomplishments of the Hyman Rickovers. If special action is needed to retain and utilize the very great capabilities of this man, for us all, then we ask the naval department to take that action.

ROGER H. PIERCE

Sir:

Your article about Captain Hyman Rickover made a good story. I hope the reason why Rickover was turned down was not because his first name is Hyman.

HYMAN H. HAVES

New Haven, Conn.

## Bargain at the Price

Sir:

TIME, Aug. 4 quotes my friend, Ben Ridder of the *Journal of Commerce*, as saying we bought the Ridder-owned Chicago *Journal* 2 months ago after offering "more than it was worth." Let other readers of TIME's ever-interesting Press section waste no sympathy on the *Wall Street Journal* as purchaser of the Chicago property. We wouldn't sell it today for twice what we paid for it. Reorganized and rechristened the Midwest edition of the *WSJ*, this newspaper's circulation has gone up from 33,213 in January 1951 to 69,342 today, including but by no means en-



# MEN ARE CRAZY ABOUT BABIES

A look in the nursery by a company  
that likes to help around the house

We wouldn't say that men love babies more than women do. But we'll bet our last cake of soap that "kitchy-koo" was some man's idea of what a baby likes to hear. And who is it that passes out the cigars?

Men find babies lovable, all right. But it's mother who keeps them that way . . . sweet, fresh and lovable.

Procter & Gamble is in the business of helping her do that job with products we try to keep on the "lovable" side, too. We do it by continually making them better. Ivory soap is a good example. You might think it has always been the same. But the fact is that over the years P&G has improved the famous floating soap 15 different times.

That's what we at P&G mean by "progress through constantly trying to please."

And, not to get too noble about it, let us be the first to admit that if we ever fail to please, our competitors will move right in.

But if we keep on pleasing, we're confident we'll be around when your baby is crazy about babies, too.



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IVORY SOAP • IVORY FLAKES • IVORY SNOW • BREEF  
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**Progress Through Constantly Trying To Please**

## THE THRILL A MAN DESERVES



## BAG A BUCK

What a thrill to catch a running buck in your sights and to bring him down with a single, well-placed shot! Go deer hunting again this year and recapture all the excitement of this wonderful sport. If you've never tried to bag the wily whitetail, make this your first year. Take a Winchester Model 94 along. It is the rifle that has taken more deer than any other. Join the hunters who make sure of their game...

with a

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TRADE MARK

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20-inch barrel... fine for saddle or brush. Winchester Sporting front and rear sights. Tubular magazine holds six shots, one in chamber. Straight grip Walnut Stock with checkered steel butt plate. Winchester Proof-Steel barrel and action.

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tirely the result of transfers from other Journal plants.

Chicago currently handles, therefore, about 30% of the *Wall Street Journal's* 233,059 national circulation.

BERNARD KILGORE  
President

The *Wall Street Journal*  
New York City

### The Death of Evita

Sir:

. . . We Latin Americans have a great admiration and respect for your Eleanor Roosevelt, although she is constantly attacked by a certain part of the U.S. press. . . I beg you to have more respect for Eva Perón, who is dead [TIME, Aug. 4] and who was a great figure whether you *yanquis* like it or not.

EDUARDO BERLIOZ ACEITUNO  
Valencia, Venezuela

### Crow on the Fly

Sir:

I have read with interest your Aug. 4 article on Philip Murray. I fail to see how the culmination of the strike could possibly raise the status of Mr. Murray. Certainly there was no glory in the outcome for the United Steelworkers. There is no provision of any consequence in the new contract which they couldn't have had without their devastating strike. The modified union shop, in my opinion, holds no more security for the union than the maintenance of membership which they had before . . .

It would be poor policy for the big six to crow over their victory, but if Mr. Murray is riding high as a result of the strike, it is only to eat crow on the fly.

PHILIP B. RAY

Bellefonte, Pa.

Sir:

. . . As an ultimate goal, Murray does not claim control of the Democratic Party or of the Government." Can anyone doubt that the unions do not now have complete control of the nation's economy? With industry-wide bargaining, they can (and do) shut down the steel mills, the coal mines, the oil industry, the communications system, the automobile industry, etc., etc. Hawaii, completely at the mercy of the Pacific Coast Maritime unions, is a classic example . . .

CHARLES W. MOORE

Anaheim, Calif.

### Clean Slate

Sir:

THANKS FOR A VERY ACCURATE AND INTERESTING STORY ["Cairo's Double Threat"—TIME, AUG. 11] BUT YOU HAVE BEEN MISINFORMED ABOUT THE \$2,700 WHICH YOU ALLEGED THAT WE BORROWED FROM THE PALACE CIRCLE WHICH WE LATER ATTACKED . . . WE HAVE NEVER BORROWED A NICKEL FROM THE PALACE CIRCLE BECAUSE WE BELIEVE THAT BORROWING IS A DISGUISED WAY OF CORRUPTION . . . WE STARTED OUR NEWSPAPERS WITH HONEST MONEY EARNED AND NOT FROM BORROWED MONEY FROM ANYBODY . . .

ALI AND MOSTAFA AMIN  
PUBLISHERS OF AKHBAR EL YOM  
CAIRO, EGYPT

### Alphabet Soup Again

Sir:

Would it be possible (or would it take just pages?) to include . . . a list of the government agencies to which you so glibly refer by initials only? . . . Many a time the full title of the agency under discussion is not included anywhere in the article!

VIRGINIA T. LESEUR

Hamden, Conn.

¶ It would take pages. TIME prefers the glib American practice.—ED.

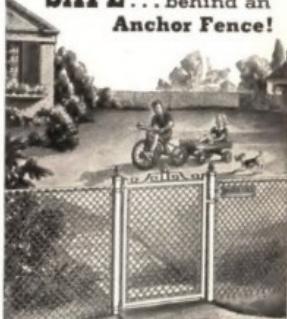
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# Once they walked in the

FAR out in the field you could see Mother's sunbonnet floating as she took a jug of lemonade to the hired hands. In the long green pasture the brown cows stood knee-deep in the daisy-flecked grass; the young colts, trembly on their stiff knobby legs, trotted beside their long-maned mothers; in the distance the fluttering birches looked like stripes of white paint against the dark woods.

Up in the red barn you lay cool and easy, a long straw in your teeth, your bare feet gripping a sack of chicken feed as you read "Struggling Upward, Or Luke Larkin's Luck," by Horatio Alger. Occasionally you would feel your right bicep, which you were de-

veloping by pumping well water with the long-handled pump: your hero, James J. Jeffries, had blacksmith muscles like iron bands.

Men were the machines in those turn-of-the-century days, machines for plowing and bending and stooping and lifting; women were washing machines, good for cooking and bearing children, too. Small boys were the right size for milking cows and cutting kindling wood for the insatiable kitchen stove.

Henry Ford had been a 19th Century farm boy; he always believed the work was too hard. Years after he had helped to pioneer the automobile he said: "To lift farm drudgery off flesh

and blood and lay it on steel and motors has been my most constant ambition."

The farm machines of his boyhood days were huge iron steam engines, too massive to move very far or fast, too heavy for each pound of energy produced. Henry Ford set out first to invent a more powerful tractor, lighter in weight. But the Model T automobile came along first, and it was a great boon to the farmer; and then came the modern tractor, and the first sturdy little trucks. For more than a generation Ford machines have bettered the lives of millions of people.

The little Model T was more than a horseless carriage: it was an idea.





# fields

The idea changed the roads of the nation, and then the roads of the world—it became a whole way of life.

That way of life is what we mean by the American Road—a new pattern of better living brought about by the automobile.

Toward that end, Ford Motor Company alone has contributed more than 36,000,000 cars and trucks, over 1,550,000 tractors, and something more—a half-century of service to one aim, a better life for all mankind.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS  
FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



**FARMING TODAY**, mechanized from house to barn to the farthest fields, is still hard work—but the hardest tasks are done by machines instead of men's muscles.

**IN THE OLD DAYS**, hard-working women lost their youth in the fields and at the well-pumps and over the old iron kitchen stoves.

# DON'T BREATHE!

(it'll blow away)



**OPEN CAREFULLY** warns the box top . . . for even a faint whiff of air might whisk away this gossamer wire with its tiny speck of oxide. That would be too bad because it's a very useful part of the complex array of apparatus you use when you telephone . . . and it's the tiniest single part, too!

We at Western Electric make it and all manner of other things required by your Bell telephone company. Some are little, like this bead thermistor which helps control the flow of current in telephone-talk; some, like dial central office equipment, are big, complex.

At all times, as manufacturing unit of the Bell System, we stand ready to make as many as 150,000 different items used in giving telephone service. Our flexibility in manufacture has a lot to do with your Bell telephone company's ability to serve you well, serve you dependably.

*Western Electric*



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



DON'T MISS THE BOAT...  
REGISTER AND VOTE!

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS.

### THE CAMPAIGN

#### First Blunder

At Washington's National Airport last week an urbane gentleman whose maroon tie was splashed with dancing donkeys emerged from an American Airlines flag ship. Casually he told reporters: "I am coming at the request of the President to have lunch with him and the Cabinet." Then, climbing into a waiting limousine, Democratic Presidential Nominee Adlai Stevenson whirled off to the White House, where the first bad blunder of the 1952 campaign was in the making.

At the White House Adlai Stevenson got his Cabinet lunch (chicken livers, mushrooms & bacon, jellied pineapple salad and canteloupe à la mode) and more than an hour's powwow with Harry Truman and Vice Presidential Nominee John Sparkman concerning campaign plans (*see below*). He also got a 20-minute intelligence briefing on the Korean war and the international situation in general. Present at the briefing, by order of Harry Truman, were C.I.A. Director General Walter Bedell Smith and General of the Army Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Stevenson had scarcely boarded the plane which took him back to Illinois when Dwight Eisenhower used the briefing session as evidence in support of the two main G.O.P. campaign charges: 1) that Stevenson is a Truman puppet; 2) that Truman will swing the Government's weight behind the Democratic candidate. The Stevenson briefing session, said Ike, "implied a decision to involve responsible nonpolitical officers of our Government . . . in a political campaign . . ." It also raised a question "as to whether the President and his Cabinet can possibly contemplate using the resources of the Federal Government to influence the judgements of the voters . . ."

Next day, spurred on by an outburst of public criticism Harry Truman fired off a telegram inviting Ike to a Cabinet luncheon and C.I.A. briefing. Ike declined. Said he: "It is my duty to remain free to analyze publicly the policies and acts of the present Administration . . ."

Piqued, Harry Truman promptly told a press conference that he had made plans, at least a week before, for intelligence briefings of both Stevenson and Eisenhower, and that both nominees had been so informed. (Three days earlier, presidential Press Secretary Joe Short had de-

nied knowledge of any plans for briefing Ike.) From Denver Eisenhower aide Arthur Vandenberg replied: "Neither the general nor anyone in this office has any memory of such a message, and there is nothing in our files."

General Omar Bradley made a valiant attempt to bail Truman out. The fact



My Rosen—Albany Times Union  
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB . . ."

was, said Bradley, that the President had directed him a week before to arrange briefings for Eisenhower. However, since Ike was so well informed on the international situation, neither Bradley nor Defense Secretary Lovett had seen any need to make immediate arrangements with Eisenhower. Being unfamiliar with political matters, added Bradley with overdone innocence, "it never occurred to me that the timing of notification might become an issue."

Old Soldier Bradley's statement by no means retrieved Harry Truman's bobble. In Denver, Ike's press secretary reported his boss's reaction to the Bradley statement. Said the secretary: "The general laughed. He just laughed."

### DEMOCRATS

#### Under the Shadow

Hustling back to Illinois after his Washington safari, Adlai Stevenson discovered that even the 775 miles between Washington and Springfield did not get him out from under the large shadow of the little man in the White House.

Still unsatisfied was public curiosity about how much politicking Harry Truman would be encouraged to do. The day after the Illinois governor got home, his headquarters announced that one wrinkle of this problem had been ironed out. The difficulty: the President had been invited to make a speech in Milwaukee on Labor Day, the same day that Stevenson would launch his formal campaign with a speech in Detroit. The Solomon-like solution: both men would speak—but at different times of day. Beyond that point, however, no one in Springfield cared to attempt a precise definition of Truman's campaign role. The likelihood was that his assignment would be too inactive to suit Harry Truman and too active to suit most Stevenson advisers.

Last week Adlai Stevenson also:  
¶ Sat down with an eleven-man "advisory committee" to work out details of his campaign trips. Immediate prospects: a brief, pre-Labor Day foray into New York and New Jersey, an eight-to-ten-day tour of the Far West after Labor Day.  
¶ Narrowly escaped a political setback when the Illinois Democratic State Central Committee reluctantly voted to give the Illinois gubernatorial nomination to Stevenson's personal choice, 56-year-old Lieutenant Governor Sherwood Dixon.  
¶ Released through *Look* Magazine a letter in which he said he did not consider his divorce a political hazard—"that is not to say that my misfortune is any easier to bear, or that I approve of divorce."

### Memories of the Rabbit

*Tune ev'ry heart and ev'ry voice  
Bid ev'ry care withdraw,  
Let all with one accord rejoice  
In praise of Old Nassau.  
In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!*

On the third and fourth floors of Patton Hall, on the campus of Princeton University, four studies, eight bedrooms and a bathroom had been combined into an undergraduate's idea of a comfortable duplex apartment. There, in the days when Harding was in the White House and F. Scott Fitzgerald chased his gin-filled grail, roomed nine Princetonians (Class of '22). One of them was a fellow always in a bustle about various campus activities (*Daily Princetonian*, Senior Council, etc.), and who had, in the words of one of his roommates, "a short, quick walk and a funny

ness." For these characteristics he was nicknamed "Rabbit," and his roommates liked to draw pictures of rabbits (or parts of rabbits) on the wall. Rabbit is now better known as Adlai E. Stevenson, governor of Illinois and Democratic candidate for the presidency of the U.S.

The other eight roommates achieved various careers, none as eminent as Rabbit's.

**John Tillotson Wainwright**, who went into the U.S. foreign service, died a heroic hero in 1930, trying to save two other swimmers in a raging sea.

**Hunt Tilford Dickinson**, of New York City and Locust Valley, L.I., whose principal occupation is to take care of his investments, told TIME he had nothing to say about his old roommate. But all of them remember Rabbit with affection. Although every one of them is now a Republican, one says flatly that he will vote for him, and some of the others are wavering.

**Paul F. Griffin**, of Wynnewood, Pa., went into "factory work and selling" after college. In 1940 got a law degree from Fordham, served with the Navy, later represented the Judge Advocate General's office on two Navy legal boards in Washington, and worked with the ECA in Germany. He is now executive secretary of the Armed Forces Regional Council of Pennsylvania and Delaware. Married, two children. Says he: "I know darned well the Rabbit was sincere when he said he didn't want the nomination."

**H. Hamilton ("Monk") Hackney**, of Cold Saturday Farm, near Baltimore, practiced law, served as chief judge of the Baltimore Juvenile Court, retired in 1943, and is now one of the most successful U.S. cattle breeders (Aberdeen-Angus). Hackney has a daughter and two sons, one son at Princeton ('53). He particularly remembers Stevenson's Hudson Super-Six roadster, which, to be kept in high gear, had to have someone sitting beside the driver to hold the gearshift. This need for a companion in his car, Hackney feels, may have helped Stevenson gain sixth place, in a field of 22, in the yearbook classification. "Thinks He Is the Biggest Fesser [i.e., Ladies' Man]." Hackney and Stevenson toured Spain in the summer of 1937; several times got into trouble when the locals mistook Stevenson's friendly remarks, delivered in faulty Spanish, for insults; after one such misunderstanding, the travelers were ejected from Burgos at bayonet point.

**William Ellery Hale**, of Pasadena, the son of famed Astronomer George Ellery Hale, who built Mount Wilson Observatory, has worked in an architect's firm, a brokerage house, a bank, is now assistant treasurer of the Thermador Electrical Manufacturing Co. Married, three sons (the oldest, Princeton '50). He recalls: "I was always messy and late sending my laundry . . . so I consistently borrowed underpants and starched shirts from Steve. He kept me well laundered for four years." Says Hale: "For the first time, I'm faced with the rather frightening possibility of voting for a Democrat

President. Stevenson's got the ability and the honesty. I just wish he weren't a Democrat."

**Louis Winchester Jones**, also of Pasadena, worked briefly in a brokerage firm and a bank, then started teaching English at CalTech, where he is now an associate professor, dean of admissions and registrar. Married, two sons. Jones recalls: "The Rabbit rushed thither and yon like a lost child, but dammit, he got things done . . . We kidded him because we others were a bunch of lazy guys sitting around on our duffs, and Stevenson was doing things . . . He took our kidding damn well, and in college you don't kid unless you like a guy . . . The Engineers have a slogan, '*Illegitimi Non Carborundum!*'—Don't let the bastards wear you down—but in politics they do wear you down, as



ADLAI STEVENSON (1922)

Someone had to hold the gearshift. They wore down Steve's reluctance, I hope they don't wear him down any further." Despite his affection for Stevenson, he says: "Perhaps the time has come for a change of party."

**William Ashton Tucker**, of New York and Bozman, Md., started as a clerk with the J. Henry Schroder Banking Corp. in 1924, is now a vice president. Married, one daughter. He's not sure which way he will vote.

**Douglas Ward**, of Orange, N.J., went into real estate, then manufacturing (varnishes, synthetics). Married, three children. He recalls: "Stevenson was always messing around in club and class elections

\* By no means restricted to engineers, this tag has been popular in various forms with members of the R.A.F., the U.S. Navy (*New Illegitimi Carborundum*), the Educational Division of the U.S. armed forces (*Noli Illegitimi Carborundum*) and the Harvard University Band (*Illegitimus Non Carborundum*). Thoroughly un-Ciceronian in all forms, it must be classed as illegitimate or Very Vulgar Latin.

and liked to be in the center of things. We used to cry, "You're as bad as your damn grandfather!" Ward has decided to vote for Stevenson, has written Rabbit to that effect.

## REPUBLICANS Wardrobe Problems

Mamie Eisenhower had a new permanent, and had put together a traveling wardrobe of durable blues and blacks. She was ready for the campaign. Her husband had a much more difficult wardrobe problem.

For four weeks, Dwight Eisenhower had listened while advisers, some invited and more not, had their say about how to select and tailor the issues. Many of those who came to advise had widely different opinions, tugging the candidate one way and another (e.g., Northern Republicans wanted him to come out for a federal fair-employment-practices law, Southerners wanted nothing of the kind). His sources of information and advice ranged from Statesman John Foster Dulles to two Hillsdale, Mich., boys who sent him a Walt Disney comic book and asked for his "autograph."

While Ike struggled with decisions, a backbreaking schedule was taking form.

In Boise, Idaho this week, Ike will confer with Republican governors of ten western states, and make a political speech on the steps of the State Capitol. Then he will fly to Kansas City, Kan., for a meeting with Midwest Republican leaders. Next, he will move into the East to speak at the national American Legion convention in New York City on August 25.

After Labor Day, Candidate Eisenhower will make a two-day airplane tour across seven southern states (Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas), flying in a chartered DC-6 and making speeches at airports. At least ten cities in the Democrats' Solid South will be on Ike's high-flying schedule. It will be the most extensive Southern tour ever made by a presidential nominee.

Back from the South, he will make his first big television-radio speech of the campaign from Philadelphia's Convention Hall on September 4. Two days later, he will be at Kasson, Minn., where 100,000 are expected to hear him speak at the National Plowing Contest. He will move on to Indianapolis for a Republican rally September 9. After a speech to the American Federation of Labor convention in New York City in mid-September, he will turn westward for a whistle-stop tour through the Midwest farmland.

There will be many more stops on the schedule before it is complete. One of these was pointed out last week by California's Governor Earl Warren. The California Poll, supported by a group of newspapers, shows Ike leading Stevenson 53% to 39%. But Earl Warren called his state "doubtful," and said it can be won only by a hard campaign. Replied Ike: That's exactly the kind of campaign it will be.

## Fighting Quaker

{See Cover}

"Step right up, folks," the barkers were calling. "Hurree, hurree, hurree!" The Ferris wheel was turning, the roller coaster swooped down its artificial abysses, and the piccallilli was waiting to be judged. But the most up-to-date attraction at the Illinois State Fair last week was a good-looking, dark-haired young man with a manner both aggressive and modest, and a personality to delight any political barker. He seemed to have everything—a fine TV manner, an attractive family, a good war record, deep sincerity and religious faith, a Horatio Alger-like career, which had led him into notable accomplishments on two major campaign issues: corruption and Communism. He was Richard Milhous Nixon (pronounced mill house) Nixon, Republican nominee for Vice President.

Nixon himself once a barker for a "carnie" wheel had come to Springfield to compete with the Democrats' star attraction, Adlai Stevenson, on his own home grounds. In a broiling sun, Dick Nixon spoke to 9,000 Illinois Republicans. He proved himself no great orator but a hard-hitting performer.

"Adlai Stevenson owes his nomination not to the people but to the bosses," he cried. "Just yesterday he has sat in as an ex-officio member of Harry Truman's cabinet . . . The voice will be that of Stevenson, but the hand will be that of Harry Truman." This charge, said Nixon, would surely be called unfair, but there was a simple way for Stevenson to refute it: "I challenge him to be specific and tell the American people in plain English wherein he disagrees with the Truman-A.D.A. program . . . The people have had enough of his fancy-striped-pants language, meaning all things to all people. They want Stevenson to get down to brass tacks . . ."

Next day it was Stevenson's turn. As usual, he gave a good performance. His English, however, was more polished than plain, and he sidestepped Nixon's specific questions on whether or not he favors Acheson's foreign policy, the Brannan Plan, federal seizure of the tidelands. Comparing Alben Barkley, 74, to Richard Nixon, 39, Stevenson remarked: "The Republican Party is the party which makes even its young men seem old. The Democratic Party is the party which makes even its old men seem young."

**Childhood: Dishpan Hands.** Dick Nixon hardly seems like an old man, but he is old for his years. He was born in Yerba Linda, near Los Angeles, where his parents had a lemon grove. They wished it had been oranges—which were the promised golden fruit that had helped attract Dick's maternal grandfather, Quaker Franklin Milhous, to California from his home in Butlerville, Ind. In 1897 he had loaded lumber, doors, windows, cows and horses on a freight car and set out for the promised land. At a Quaker church party, his daughter Hannah met Francis Anthony Nixon, who had also come out from the Middle West. She married him two

years later. Their second son, Dick, worked in the lemon grove as a youngster, chopping weeds and caring for the trees. The grove itself turned out to be a lemon. The family moved to Whittier and set up Nixon's Market, a general store and filling station, which is still going strong today. (Nixon's parents, still hale & hearty, have left the store to be managed by their third son, Don.)

Young Dick was a bright student. He made his debating debut in the seventh grade on a boys' team upholding, against the girls, the affirmative of "Resolved, that insects are more beneficial than harmful." In characteristic fashion (he still does his own painstaking research on legislation and speeches), young Nixon went to an entomologist uncle and assembled



NIXON AT THE FAIR  
Enough of striped pants?

a formidable body of benign facts about the insect world. The girls' team was routed.

Nixon's mother was firm about church (three times on Sundays and once at mid-week). Nixon played the piano for Sunday school, still plays occasionally to relax ("I'm not as good as President Truman"). He worked his way through Whittier College (present enrollment: 1,200), mostly by helping out in the family store as cashier and delivery boy. Occasionally he helped his mother do the dishes. She recalls: "Richard always pulled the blinds down tight so that people wouldn't see him with his hands in a dishpan."

Mrs. Nixon repaired and pressed the clothes for the whole family, worked in the store during the day, and at night thrifitely emptied the shelves of fruit that might spoil in another day and baked it into pies, which she put on sale in the morning. Occasionally she would catch

shoplifters, but, instead of turning them over to the police, she would give them a little sermon, always aware that the disgrace of an arrest would hurt their families. Her son reflects that feeling. "Even when I was convinced that Hiss was a traitor," says Nixon, "I couldn't help thinking of his family and his friends, and how hard this was on them."

**Law, a Wife & Washington.** When Dick's older brother Harold had TB, Mrs. Nixon took him to Prescott, Ariz., and in the summers, Dick joined them, working as a barker for the wheel of fortune at the Frontier Days Rodeo. He learned the knack of drumming up customers, and his booth became the most popular in the show.

The wheel of Nixon's own fortune carried him from Whittier (he graduated second in his class) to a scholarship at Duke University's law school. He lived with three other students in a shack in a wooded patch a mile and a half from the campus.

After Duke (1937), Nixon practiced law in Whittier, and got a lot of divorce cases, to whose more explicit details he listened with acute embarrassment. He also taught Sunday school, joined the junior chamber of commerce, and acted in a Little Theater group. In *Night of January 16*, he played a district attorney opposite pretty Pat Ryan, a California redhead who, like Dick, had worked her way through college and was a teacher at the local high school. They were married in 1940. A month after Pearl Harbor, Nixon went to work for the OPA in Washington. Says he: "In OPA I learned respect for the thousands of hard-working Government employees and an equal contempt for most of the political appointees at the top. I saw Government overlapping and Government empire-building firsthand."

Fed up with Washington bureaucracy after eight months, and pining for a more patriotic part, Nixon joined the Navy, asked for sea duty, and was promptly assigned to Ottumwa, Iowa. There he learned nothing about the sea but a good deal about the Midwest. Eventually Nixon wound up as an operations officer with SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command), which had the difficult and dangerous task of hauling cargo to the combat zones. He spent 15 months in the South Pacific, once, on Bougainville, was under bombardment for 28 out of 30 nights. Says he: "I got used to it. The only things that really bothered me were lack of sleep and the centipedes."

Back in the U.S., he worked for the Navy as a lawyer, terminating war contracts. During one tour of duty in New York, he watched Dwight Eisenhower's triumphal victory parade, without an inkling that he, an obscure lieutenant commander in the U.S. Navy, would a few years later be campaigning at the general's side.

**Political Debut.** In November 1945, a Republican fact-finding committee in California's 12th Congressional District was looking for a candidate, preferably a serv-

iceman, to run against popular Democrat Jerry Voorhis (who had held the seat for ten years). A family friend of the Nixons saw the group's ad in a paper, called Dick, then in Baltimore, and asked him whether he was a Republican. Nixon replied that he had voted for Tom Dewey in 1944. In that case, said the friend, Nixon ought to come home and try for the job. Recalls Nixon: "Voorhis looked impossible to beat. He was intelligent, experienced, came from a well-known family. Why did I take it? I'm a pessimist, but if I figure I've got a chance, I'll fight for it."

Dick and Pat fought hard. Short of cash, they lived in a bare little house in Whittier and were beset by a smelly, cannibalistic brood of minks kept by the people next door (says Nixon: "I've never had any use for minks since then, the Tru-

House Un-American Activities Committee, earnest Dick Nixon had quite a wrestle with himself. On such occasions, he paces up & down, lights one cigarette after another, talks to the ceiling, suddenly whirls around as if he were trying to catch his problem unawares with a new grip. The committee's reputation was low. Its chairman was J. Parnell Thomas, eventually to be indicted and jailed for fraud. Nixon's friend and fellow Congressman, California's Donald Jackson, recalls how Nixon came into his office and started pacing. "He felt the moral obligation to accept," Jackson recalls, "but he asked himself repeatedly, sometimes aloud, if the condemnation of the committee by liberals was sound, if there were the injustices and the irresponsibilities complained of, if the committee

Hiss. Then Hiss, unaware of what Chambers testified, was asked about certain details of his own life. His facts and Chambers' fell together like tumblers in the lock of a safe.

Most startling was the case of the prothonotary warbler. Chambers remembered that Hiss's hobby was bird watching, and that Hiss had once told him he had seen a prothonotary warbler. Hiss was asked if he had ever seen one. He said he had, and the incident fitted well with Chambers' previous testimony. This was the turning point of the Hiss case. From then on, most of the committee members were convinced that Hiss was lying. After Chambers had produced the microfilms of State Department documents from his famed pumpkin and the Justice Department was fighting with the committee for possession of this new evidence, Nixon—on his way to Panama—hurried back by plane and Coast Guard cutter.

Writes Chambers in *Witness*: "To [my children] he is always 'Nixie,' the kind and the good, about whom they will tolerate no nonsense. His somewhat martial Quakerism sometimes amused and always hardened me. I have a vivid picture of him in the blackest hour of the Hiss case, standing by the barn and saying in his quietly savage way (he is the kindest of men): 'If the American people understood the real character of Alger Hiss, they would boil him in oil!'"

Do the American people really "understand" about Hiss and about the profound implications of the Hiss case? On this question the man of ordinary common sense may be less confused than many an "intellectual." There is no question that Communists did infiltrate the Government of the U.S., and exercised influence there as well as elsewhere in American life. It is part of Nixon's job to show that if Americans want to rid themselves of Communism and left-wingism at home, they must throw the Democrats out.

Last week the Republican view on this issue was baldly stated by Senator Styles Bridges and Representative Joseph Martin. They wrote: "Throughout the 82nd Congress, the Democratic Administration continued its stubborn resistance to the exposure of Communists, fellow travelers, other subversives and their sympathizers in Government."

"This is part of its long record which coddled Communists at home and appeased them abroad, fought exposure of subversives, employed congressional investigators to whitewash suspects, and permitted Communist spies to enter the country, and even to serve in the Government."

"Such policies gave Russia possession of atomic secrets, built up the Communist menace to the free world, caused the needless sacrifice of American lives in Korea, and put upon us a crushing burden for national defense . . ."

In other words, the Republicans will try to show the tolerance of Communist



PAT NIXON & DAUGHTERS  
Daddy no longer does the dishes.

International

man variety or any other kind"). Against the advice of professional politicians, Nixon took on his opponent in five public debates before audiences largely favorable to Voorhis. Nixon argued against the evil deeds of the New Deal as effectively as he had urged the good works of the praying mantis and the syrphid fly. He beat Voorhis by 15,592 votes.

In Washington, Nixon banded together with a few other freshmen Congressmen to exchange information on what was going on in their various committees and in Congress as a whole. They soon had 15 members, christened themselves "The Chowder and Marching Club," and met informally (there was usually a bottle of whisky but no chowder on the table; Nixon himself rarely takes a drink). By being well informed and determined, the group became a force in the House. Says one charter member: "Fifteen guys can do a lot with members who know little about a given bill."

When he was offered a place on the

could be brought to do a sound job." As Nixon puts it: "Politically it could be the kiss of death, but I figured it was an opportunity as well as a risk, so I took it."

Opportunity came a year and a half later, when a man called Whittaker Chambers testified before the committee that a man called Alger Hiss was a Communist.

The Hiss Case. As Nixon later recalled it, almost all the committee members believed Hiss when he denied Chambers' charges, and the case was almost dropped then & there. Explains Nixon: "I was impressed by Hiss's testimony. But then that night, when I was reading the transcript as a lawyer, I became convinced that he was hiding something. Everything he said was too smooth, too carefully qualified."

Nixon reasoned that if Chambers had known Hiss as well as he said he did, he would know details of Hiss's life and habits that a stranger would not know. In secret session, Nixon drew from Chambers a mass of detailed information about

infiltration issue as a broad and continuing characteristic of the Democratic Party. Part of the Republican ammunition is the failure of Democratic leaders to make certain motions to get themselves off this hook. Secretary Acheson said that he would not turn his back on Alger Hiss. Harry Truman's last word on the Hiss case was to call it a "red herring."

This issue presents Stevenson with one of his most delicate and difficult problems. The problem is further complicated by the fact that Stevenson himself made a deposition in support of Hiss's good reputation when they were acquainted in Washington which was used by the Hiss defense. Stevenson's friends think this action can be defended, and the Republicans will doubtless try to make sure that the Democrats are kept busy defending it. So far, Stevenson has made no effort to change the Truman-Acheson line. Two weeks ago he called for resistance to Communism abroad, and at the same time derided "the pursuit of phantoms among ourselves."

Nixon says: "It's up to Stevenson. If he concedes the gravity of the domestic-Communist problem he can take the Hiss issue right out of the campaign. But if he sticks to the line [*the "phantoms among ourselves"*], the Hiss case will be very much an issue. Stevenson is vulnerable, not on a basis of loyalty, but certainly on the basis of judgment."

Since Nixon has been one of the most effective barriers of Communism in the U.S., he is inevitably compared to Joe McCarthy. Some of the anti-anti-Communists have made the mistake of calling Nixon "another McCarthy." There is nothing McCarthy-esque about Nixon's methods. He has laid down and followed two rules: 1) "There must be no charge without evidence to support it"; 2) "a charge that is false can harm our cause

more than it can help." Nixon has been advocating a change of rules to give more protection to people arraigned before congressional committees.

To the Senate. Largely as a result of Nixon's work on the Hiss case, a group of young California Republicans urged him to run for the Senate in 1950. Campaigning vigorously against the Democrats' Actress-Politician Helen Gahagan Douglas, Nixon toured the state in a station wagon, while Mrs. Douglas used a helicopter. Nixon developed a memorable ploy against her, obviously a major addition to Lifemanship.\* He audibly and publicly worried about her health and, as a friend describes it, "He'd get a real sad look on his face whenever he bumped into her and say, 'It's awfully hard on a woman, this campaigning.'" He beat her by 680,947 votes.

In the Senate he has fought Government corruption by backing legislation to 1) waive the statute of limitations on corruption cases; 2) enable federal grand juries to investigate without waiting for permission from the courts or the Justice Department; 3) make it an offense for a Government employee to accept gifts from a political party.

At Home. Nixon is a hard worker, never goes to the movies, rarely allows himself a weekend trip. Once, when he promised his two daughters (Patricia, 6, and Julie, 4) a picnic on a hot day, they wound up in his air-conditioned Senate office. Nixon just misses being handsome (he has fat cheeks and a duck-bill nose), but he is what women call "nice-looking"; he gives an impression of earnest freshness.

The Nixons live in a spick & span, two-story white brick house at Spring Valley, a Washington suburb. Nixon no longer does the dishes, and is generally bad at fixing things around the house, but (after his strict Navy training) always neatly hangs up his clothes. Pat Nixon is a good and enthusiastic campaigner, and so is the rest of the family (although Julie has lately taken a dislike to photographers). During Nixon's senatorial campaign, when all the Nixons were on TV, Julie thoughtfully picked her tiny nose in full view of the TV camera. Said her father: "Julie honey, you have either just won or lost me the election."

"It isn't as if I were running for office myself," said Nixon in Denver last week. "I am out here to help General Eisenhower get elected." No passive running mate, Nixon has been conferring with Eisenhower steadily during recent weeks, has offered firm and sometimes critical suggestions on how the campaign should be run. Nixon himself is preparing to travel up & down the land, particularly to places that Eisenhower will not cover. Nixon will go to New Hampshire this week, also intends to campaign in Republican Maine—a state, like a woman, he thinks, should never have the feeling of being taken for granted.

\* A form of social jujitsu invented by British Humorist Stephen Potter (*TIME*, June 4, 1951). For news of another promising Potter disciple, see BUSINESS.



Harris & Ewing

MCCARTHY  
More harm than good.

Nixon's main theme will be the main Republican theme: the need for a change. He will ask Americans to stop traveling the Democrats' route, and get on another train where the engineer has a firmer grip on the throttle, clearer ideas of where he is going.

Back home in Whittier last week, the folks were confident. Said Frank Nixon: "With Eisenhower and him together, they'll make things snap. They'll win—I don't care if he is my boy."

## ARMED FORCES Riddle of the Hobson

A board of three rear admirals last week fixed the blame for the mid-Atlantic collision between the aircraft carrier *Wasp* and the destroyer-minesweeper *Hobson* last April (*TIME*, May 5). The convicted culprit was not there to hear the verdict: Commanding Officer William J. Tierney went down with his ship and 175 of his men.

Lieut. Commander Tierney, concluded the board, committed a "grave error of judgment" in making a sharp left turn into the path of the onrushing *Wasp*. This turn was the "sole cause" of the collision, said the admirals, completely absolving the *Wasp*'s Captain Burnham C. McCaffree of all fault. They advanced three theories to explain Tierney's disastrous maneuver: 1) he had become "completely confused," and thought that a sharp left turn would bring him to his correct position; 2) he ordered "left rudder" when he meant to say "right rudder"; 3) he thought he was on the blacked-out *Wasp*'s right bow when actually he was on her left bow.

But the riddle of the *Hobson* remains unsolved. "As the commanding officer was not among the survivors," said the board, "his reasons for turning left will never be known."



Walter Bennett

CHAMBERS  
More serious than phantoms.

## THE ATOM New Plant in Ohio

Last week U.S. taxpayers got another reminder of the high cost and complexity of arms in the atomic age. From Washington came an announcement that the Atomic Energy Commission was planning to spend \$1.2 billion on construction of a 6,500-acre installation in Pike County, Ohio, approximately 80 miles east of Cincinnati.

Like the original atomic-energy plant at Oak Ridge, the Pike County installation will produce U-235, the radioactive isotope whose fission can produce the energy for an atomic-bomb blast. A major step in the current U.S. program to speed up atomic stockpiling in the light of Soviet possession of the atom bomb, construction of the Pike County plant is expected to take four years, though some units of it will go into operation earlier than that.

Chosen as a plant site because of the availability of water and, potentially, of power, Pike County is rolling farming country, where the last big excitement was during Prohibition, when "Feds" roamed the hills looking for corn-liquor stills. Last week most of the 17,000 residents of Pike County, assured that they wouldn't run any serious risk of radiation sickness, greeted the new federal invasion with unalloyed enthusiasm. Land prices were already soaring in anticipation of an eventual influx of 4,000-5,000 permanent employees of the new plant and 30,000 construction workers who will be brought in by major contractor Peter Kiewit Sons' Co. of Omaha (see BUSINESS) and a covey of architects and designers. In Piketon, the owner of a small hotel announced that she had been offered \$30,000 for her business, added thoughtfully: "It isn't worth \$15,000." Said County Sheriff Jesse Foster: "The very first thing we'll need will be a new jail."

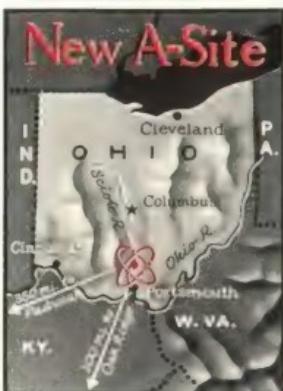
## TRIALS

### The Unpunishable Crime

World War II produced few such chilling mystery tales as the case of OSS Major William V. Holohan—the big, brusque U.S. reserve officer who was killed by his own men in 1944 amid an atmosphere of partisan intrigue behind the German lines in Italy. Few crimes have been so well documented. But last week it became virtually certain that the murder of Major Holohan will forever remain a completely unpunishable crime.

Holohan had parachuted into the northern Italian mountains with an Italian-speaking U.S. lieutenant, Aldo Icardi, and a U.S. sergeant named Carl G. LoDolce, to organize resistance in the enemy rear. A few months later, his subordinates reported by secret radio that Holohan was presumed to have been killed during an attack by German forces. Four years after the war, curious Italian police unearthed a shockingly different story.

Two Italian partisans said that Holohan was murdered because he had refused to



Site Map by R. M. Chapin Jr.

supply money and arms to Communist guerrillas; under the urging of Lieut. Icardi, members of Holohan's mission had fed him a bowl of poisoned soup. Holohan merely got sick. The plotters had then drawn lots, and LoDolce, the loser, had gone to the major's bedroom and cold-bloodedly fired two pistol bullets into his head. The body had been weighted and sunk in the icy waters of the lake; the police found it where the witnesses said it was, dredged it up, found the two bullets and traces of potassium cyanide. They notified U.S. authorities.

Icardi denied the whole story, LoDolce confessed in detail. But no U.S. court had jurisdiction over a crime committed in Italy, and the Army, having honorably discharged both LoDolce and Icardi, had no legal means of bringing them to justice. Finally, however, the Holohan case

was made public. Though LoDolce retracted his confession, the Italian government asked that he be extradited to stand trial for murder.

Last week in Buffalo, Federal Judge John Knight ruled that the Italian government had no legal grounds for asking LoDolce's extradition. The crime, he said, was "so gruesome as to be almost unbelievable if [it] were not supported by the written and oral confessions" of LoDolce and others. But the extradition treaty between the U.S. and Italy could not apply, because 1) Italy and the U.S. were at war when the crime was committed, and 2) the area where it occurred was then in control of the Germans, not the Italians.

LoDolce, who is now married and the father of two children, received the news in a Buffalo veterans' hospital—where, as an ex-soldier with an officially blameless record, he is receiving treatment for a wartime back injury. He was jubilant. Icardi, now working as a law clerk in Pittsburgh, announced that he hoped to publish a book giving the "true" story of his commander's death. But, officially speaking, the Holohan case seemed closed for good.

## THE ADMINISTRATION The Admiral Comes Aboard

The U.S. Psychological Strategy Board, whose job is directing a unified line for U.S. propaganda abroad, was launched in July 1951. Since then, it has had so many changes of command that it has never got up a full head of steam. Its first director, Gordon Gray, resigned after six months; he was succeeded by Raymond B. Allen, who took the job on a temporary basis, is quitting after 8½ months. Last week, the board got its third skipper—Admiral Alan G. Kirk, U.S.N. (ret.).

The admiral has had plenty of experience in both hot and cold warfare. Naval attaché in London when World War II broke out, he directed Naval Intelligence for seven months, later commanded task forces in the invasions of Sicily and Normandy. After the war he served as Ambassador to Belgium (1946-49) and the Soviet Union (1949-52). He was the personal choice of the Central Intelligence Agency's Walter Bedell Smith, who preceded Kirk as ambassador in Moscow.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS "Hey King—One More!"

Acutely aware of anti-Americanism in Iraq, the State Department decided last spring that it had better give 17-year-old King Feisal II a sales pitch; it invited him to visit the U.S.

As the liner *Queen Mary* brought Feisal into New York Harbor last week, however, his official hosts could hardly avoid a horrible second thought: What if he saw America and didn't like it? They could not forget that another Feisal (the son of Saudi Arabia's Ibn Saud) had been picketed and spat upon in New York by



Associated Press  
EX-SERGEANT LO DOLCE  
First, a bowl of soup.

Jewish extremists and had gone home full of untold hatred for the U.S. They watched beady as the slim, smiling youth received the first, custard-pie impact of an American welcome.

A jostling horde of photographers fired flashlights at him and bawled, "Hey King—one more!" Ship news reporters asked him what he thought of teen-age dating (he said, in the immaculate public-school accent he had learned at Britain's Harrow, that he didn't know anything about it) and whether he was going to get married (he had given the matter no thought). When he announced that he was a Dodgers fan, the newsmen cried incredulously: "Why?" "I understand," said Feisal politely, "that they are one of the more important teams." Through it all he veiled his reactions behind an inscrutable and dreamy smile.

As beffited an admirer of the glorious Bums, he quickly made a pilgrimage to Ebbets Field. "Who are those persons over there?" he asked curiously, as the teams warmed up. "Those," said Dodgers' President Walter O'Malley heartily, "are the hated Giants." The King smiled. He was duly introduced to Jackie Robinson and Dodgers Manager Charlie Dressen and shook hands heartily—although Robinson, for one, displayed a certain air of suspicion when he was summoned to meet "the King." Feisal betrayed only polite interest as Leo Durocher screamed at the umpire and rooters filled the air with horrid sound. When the Giants' Bobby Thomson hit a home run he smiled at O'Malley in congratulation, apparently feeling that this was good for the Dodgers.

"He has a very good grasp of the game," said O'Malley, with an effort, afterward. "He was quick to see the difference between cricket and baseball." Said the King, "At cricket they only clap. They do not cheer." As time passed, all sorts of bizarre things befell Feisal. He rode to City Hall in an open car while noontime crowds craned at him curiously. He took a regular \$1.40 tour of Radio City. In the midst of it a news photographer, afraid of being barred by cops, handed the King his camera and said: "Here—you take the pictures." Feisal complied, snapped busily away all during the tour. As a fast elevator lifted him 70 stories in the RCA Building, a lady guide told him to relieve the pressure in his ears by swallowing. He swallowed dutifully, thoughtfully, repeatedly.

He drank orange juice at cocktail parties. He steered a sightseeing boat in the Harlem River at the invitation of its skipper. He inspected a 50-million-barrel-a-year oil refinery in New Jersey, was told that it handles so times more oil than his whole country produces, and was handed a chunk of hot synthetic rubber. He was flown from New York to Washington, was taken to the White House for lunch with the President. Among the guests were both Chief Justice Fred Vinson and Harry Vaughan, The King shook hands and smiled, impartially, at all.

At week's end the Government's official nudging, shielding and introducing force

had yet to figure out just what Feisal was thinking about anything. He had four weeks more to go, and perhaps would return more strongly to Detroit production lines and western dams. But at the moment only one conclusion was possible: the King had a nice smile.

### How Not to Make Friends

S. Thava Rajah, 33, is one of the top labor leaders in Johore, the southernmost state of Malaya: Last month he came to the U.S. to spend 90 days as the guest of the U.S. State Department. His visit is part of State's program to bring foreign leaders and specialists to the U.S. to learn about the country. Sole aim of the program: to make friends for the U.S.

In its inimitable way, Washington, D.C., immediately went about defeating this

went to a restaurant for an after-theater snack. Said a waitress: "We don't serve black people in here." Said the manager: "It's the law." But when the three visitors tried to find out about the law, they got nowhere, because there is no such law.

After these incidents, Malayan Rajah last week was not necessarily unfriendly, but he was vastly puzzled. Said he: "After all, isn't white a color? I am terribly surprised by all this. You people talk democracy, and you must be careful to practice what you preach."

### Trip Behind the Iron Curtain

Six weeks ago, William Vlahos, boss of the Cathedral Painting & Decorating Co. in Washington, D.C., landed what looked like a good deal—repainting the interior of the Soviet Embassy on 16th Street.



MANAGER DRESSEN, ROYAL FAN & PLAYER ROBINSON  
"At cricket they only clap."

Yale Joel—LIFE

aim. With an Egyptian exchange student, Rajah went to a drugstore in the Longfellow Building, the same building that houses State's Office of International Information, which sponsored Rajah's visit. He and his friend wanted ice-cream sodas. They waited, signaled to waitresses and tapped the counter, but were ignored for half an hour. They left without being served.

Next day Rajah and another exchange student, a German, went sightseeing, then stopped at another drugstore. After they had sat at a table a few minutes, a waitress came up and said: "We don't serve colored people here." Despite Rajah's explanation that he was a foreigner and a guest of the U.S. Government, he and his companion were refused service.

A few days later, Rajah, a Burmese judge and a Malayan university lecturer

Last week, out of temper and out of pocket, William Vlahos pulled his men off the job. The Washington representatives of the proletarian state had turned out to be lousy employers.

Said Frank De Marco, one of Vlahos' painters: "Those Russians used to get everybody from the top man to the cook to decide on the color of the paint . . . We'd go ahead and paint. As soon as we'd finished, they'd come around poking their fingers at it and say, 'No good.' They'd find a little pimple on the wall or a small dig. We were supposed to do it over for nothing . . . We painted 15 or 16 rooms, and they wanted it done again. We just stood to lose by going on."

What really bothered Employee De Marco, however, were the working conditions. "They had guards on us all the



MICKEY JELKE  
A slight interruption.

time . . . They went with us when we ate, when we got a drink of water; they even followed us into the toilet . . . One of the guards could talk English pretty good. He always used to say we shouldn't take offense. This guarding wasn't personal he said. He used to say, 'We can't trust no one, not even ourselves.'

Vlahos' men got pretty tired of Russian propaganda, too. Says De Marco: "Russia was the greatest country; it had the greatest army, its soldiers were the toughest . . . They sure got mad, though, when the Russians lost the Olympics. One of them fellows told me if he was at the Olympics he would beat them Russian athletes with a whip. Can you beat that?"

"These people," pondered Painter De Marco last week, "they're very funny. I never had anything against the Russian people. But when you get in there with them like that, you get to thinking how you'd like to kick the hell out of them."

## MANNERS & MORALS

### A Boy Who Likes Girls

New York café society likes them hawt-werty and it likes them rich. Fat little 22-year-old Minot F. ("Mickey") Jelke qualifies on both counts. Mickey loves nightclubs, he is listed in the *Social Register*, and his father, Oleomargine Magnate John Faris Jelke, of Chicago, has millions stashed away; Mickey himself is due to inherit a fortune when he is 25.

Last week Mickey's social career suffered a slight interruption. Detectives burst into his East Side apartment, found him with a pretty, blonde model named Sylvia Eder, hauled both of them off to jail, and charged Mickey with being a "common pimp."

Assistant D.A. Anthony J. Liebler, who opened war last week on the big city's

more expensive call girls (fees: \$50 to \$200 a night), announced that the walls of Mickey's apartment were lined with photographs of female nudes. Hundreds of other pornographic pictures were tucked carefully into folders. Investigators also found the inevitable "little black book" and two pistols, one in the apartment, one in Mickey's blue Cadillac.

Mickey, according to Liebler, had been hard up for funds to operate on the night-club circuit, since he got only \$200 a month from a trust fund and what he could needle from his parents. Unwilling to wait until he came into his inheritance, he had been earning champagne money by procuring ladies of the night for monied sports who had only to visit his apartment and inspect his catalogues to make their choice.

When the news got to Chicago, Mickey's father man-of-the-worlded the whole escapade. "Mickey," he said, "just likes good-looking girls." Sprung on \$50,000 bail, Mickey took the same line, Miss Eder, he said, was his "steady girl." "I've been going with her for six months. We are not engaged. She is above reproach." As for the charges: just spite work by an 18-year-old girl who might consider that he had jilted her.

Two other millionaire playboys also made headlines last week. John Given Jr., 44-year-old heir to a piece of the Henie pickle fortune, was asked to leave Brigantine, N.J., because of an intoxicated trigger finger. Given, who was in trouble back in 1948 for threatening an old man with a sword cane, set off a disturbance last week by visiting a children's party with five pistols, and firing blank cartridges in salvoes while the kids fled screaming from every exit.

Meanwhile, 52-year-old Millionaire Auto Heir Horace Dodge Jr. tangled with a blonde showgirl named Gregg Sherwood. He charged her with swiping four cigarette lighters and some perfume from his house, and had the Detroit cops pick her up. Miss Sherwood announced, with icy hauteur, that he had given her the doldrums as gifts, and that he could not only have them back, but give up all hopes of ever sharing her friendship again. The cops waved Showgirl Sherwood on her way. Dodge, who is still married to his fourth wife, said: "Some people take me for a sucker, but that is far from the truth."

## Americana

Q Handsome, curly-haired Bigamist Leroy Holzman, a New Orleans tourist guide, explained that polygamy was simple enough if a man budgeted his time: he lived with wife No. 2 from midnight to 8 a.m., with wife No. 5 from 5 p.m. until midnight, and with wife No. 4 whenever he had some spare time. He admitted, however, that he had found it necessary to divorce wife No. 1 and split up with wife No. 3 before his schedule clicked. Said he in jail: "I'd like to get some rest."

Q After more than a year of legal spar-

ring, Underworld Caar Frank Costello got out of his limousine at New York's U.S. Courthouse, surrendered to the U.S. marshal, held out his wrists for handcuffs, and was taken off to serve 18 months in prison for contempt of Congress.

Q Danville, Va., cops gave visiting motorists the benefit of a unique form of hospitality: instead of writing traffic tickets for overtime parking, the bluecoats simply dropped a nickel (from a fund supplied by the chamber of commerce) into the nearest parking meter, and passed on. Q Marine Corporal Frank Farkas painted the word lemon on the side of his second-hand sedan after it suffered repeated breakdowns, was promptly arrested by Washington, D.C. police and found guilty of an American form of lese majesty under a local regulation which forbids displays which "ridicule" the make of an automobile.

Q Although his pushmobile racer suffered four smashed wheels, he was badly bruised in a first-heat crackup, eleven-year-old Joe Lunn of Thomasville, Ga., effected repairs, got bandaged up, and pressed on to win the 13th running of the All American Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio, Time for the 975.4-ft. course: 27.77 sec.

Q Mrs. Lydia Serpa, 25, startled the captain, two co-pilots, stewardess, purser and 31 passengers (including herself) of a Pan American plane flying between Puerto Rico and New York by giving birth to a 6-lb. girl 8,000 ft. over the Atlantic Ocean.

Q After years of listening to a tuneless whistling sound his wife made whenever she wished to taunt him, Emile Scheermaeker, a 52-year-old Woonsocket, R.I., machinist, could stand no more. Raging like a wild beast, he smashed her head with a clawhammer, ran the bathtub full of water, and held her under until he was sure that she was dead.



Sylvia Eder  
A steady line.

# INTERNATIONAL

## WAR IN KOREA

### The First Half-Million

Private Harry J. Kaszak, 23, of Pittsburgh, made news last week: he was the 500,000th troop replacement to reach Korea. Of these half-million Americans, 20,167 will not return. They are the dead.

### "Tonight and Tomorrow . . ."

Within sight of the searchlights that guard Panmunjom (where the true talks were still deadlocked last week), men of the U.S. 1st Marine Division were fighting bloody for strategic high ground. A stream of Marine wounded and dead flowed back to the collecting stations, but the Marines claimed enemy casualties higher than their own.

The weather was broiling hot. It was just two years ago, in similar weather, that the first brigade of Marines arrived at Pusan to help hold the allied beachhead. Last spring the division, now commanded by Major General John T. Selden, was due to go into reserve. But Selden, a tall, sharp-eyed Virginian who enlisted as a Marine private in 1915, asked General Van Fleet to keep the division fighting. Van Fleet agreed, and assigned the Marines to the Panmunjom sector, astride the invasion route from Pyongyang to Seoul.

**Siberia & Bunker Hill.** The Marines had no chance to get rusty, as General Selden had feared they might. The Chinese Reds began a "creeping war" against their positions. Fortnight ago a beefed-up Chinese platoon attacked a small Marine force on "Siberia," an insignificant hill about four miles east of Panmunjom. In 26 hours Siberia changed hands nine times. When the enemy took it for the fifth time and showed signs of holding on, the U.S. position looked untenable. For two days, Marine artillery and planes raked Siberia. Then, early last week, the Marines occupied "Bunker Hill," which is higher than Siberia and closer to it. Since the U.S. position on Bunker made the Chinese position on Siberia unhealthy, the enemy spent the next five days and nights trying to push the leathernecks off the sandy, scrub-pine slopes of Bunker.

Item Company was sent up to replace battle-worn Baker Company on the hill; the men patched up their prefab bunkers and settled in. Captain Howard ("Spike") Connolly, commanding, set out the bright green battle flag of St. Michael, made for the Marines by Korean orphans. In the next twelve hours, the opposing sides fired off two of the most concentrated artillery and mortar barrages of the war. On about 800 yards of front, the U.S. dropped 32,000 rounds, the Chinese 15,000 rounds. Item Company Marines waited, their eyes strained by sleepless vigilance, endless consciousness and flying dust and dirt.

**"That Roscol."** A little after midnight, 400 Chinese attacked in a businesslike skirmish line. It was the first wave of a

sustained, methodical assault by more than 1,000 Chinese whose commander wanted Bunker Hill. The enemy infantry charged up the open ground, ducking behind rocks and bushes. They ran single file up a six-foot trench that debouched in front of a row of Marine foxholes. They ran through a screen of flying earth and metal thrown up by all the U.N. guns within range of the hill.

A handful of Chinese popped out of the trench, killed four marines in their holes with grenades, broke through the line to Captain Connolly's CP, where the shrapnel-torn flag of St. Michael was still flying. Connolly radioed his men to move in from



International  
SUPREME COMMANDER RIDGWAY  
Echo's answer: No.

each side to seal the breach, then helped to pick off the attackers himself. Shortly he was radioing back to battalion: "Lines breached, now consolidated."

Said Lieut. Colonel Gerard Armitage, the battalion commander: "That rascal over there is a sound professional tactician. We shook him up pretty bad, but he will be back tonight and tomorrow and maybe another night, and then he will back off and shift to some other point."

## NATO

### The Slowdown

General Matthew B. Ridgway last week made his first public request as NATO Supreme Commander, and next day Echo answered "No."

Neat and crisp in his sharply pressed summer uniform, Ridgway called his first press conference since taking over from Dwight D. Eisenhower. He was firm about one thing: the soldiers under his international command should all be drafted for two years. "The reason is . . . that in this

day of numerous and complex weapons, it takes approximately a year to train an individual in standard arms," he said. "Just when a state stands a chance of regaining some of its investment on the soldier, it loses him."

Ridgway's words were aimed not at the reporters before him but at the representatives of six Continental nations gathering next day to discuss a common draft period for the European Army. The conference had been called by Belgium's conservative government, which is finding its first draft period—the longest in Western Europe—a worrisome political issue.\* There had been anti-draft riots in Brussels, sparked by Belgian Socialists, and a distressing though brief mutiny among Belgian conscripts. Prime Minister Jean van Houtte, anxious to convince Belgian voters that they were not being asked to do more than anyone else, begged his allies to raise their draft periods to Belgium's. The answer that he and Matt Ridgway got was a disheartening no.

Next day, Van Houtte slashed Belgium's own draft period to 21 months. Result: the Belgians will not be able to fulfill their NATO obligation of three combat divisions to be ready this year. France and most other NATO nations are even farther behind. Of the 50 divisions scheduled to be ready in Western Europe during 1952, only 24 at best will be combat-ready. Fifteen more are half-formed but too short of equipment to form an effective reserve; the rest exist only on paper. As for the goal of 100 divisions by 1954—the year when NATO strategists estimate that the Communists will have their biggest edge in troops, arms and A-bombs deployable against Europe—it seemed to be fading away.

Britain recently confronted Washington with the disturbing news that perhaps one full division of the British army in Germany will have to be withdrawn unless the U.S. helps pay for its upkeep. France was still bogged down in the billion-franc-a-day war in Indo-China, which is consuming officers and NCOs faster than they can be trained. None of the 12 German divisions hoped for by 1953 is yet in sight.

Economic pinch was the explanation given; yet complacency too was behind the slowdowns. Matt Ridgway tried last week to counter this feeling with a soldier's assessment: "There is no reliable evidence known to me . . . [that] the potential threat of armed aggression . . . has in any way abated." Warned the London *Observer*: "Everybody is now smugly persuading himself that the danger of war has receded and that it is therefore possible to go to sleep again. There will be a harsh awakening . . ."

\* Draft periods of other NATO countries: Canada: no draft, volunteers only; Luxembourg and Norway: 12 months; Denmark, France, Italy and Portugal: 18; The Netherlands: 20; Greece, Turkey, the United Kingdom and the U.S.: 24.

## NEWS IN PICTURES



GERMAN ROCKET TESTS. the first permitted since the war, were made near Bremen by Albert Puellenberg, ace rocket scientist and

founder of the commercial-minded Rocket Research Society, which hopes to fire mail from Hamburg to New York in one hour flat.



International  
TOTEM POLE MOTIF was eye-popper in French Riviera torso-painting contest.



Keystone  
NUDIST CONVENTION of 300 sun lovers from 30 states relaxed at Mays Landing, N.J., after holding 1952 Nudist Olympics, choosing their king & queen and a well-tanned president.



"GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN SAILOR," Pearl Harbor memorial in honor of Navy dead, will be gift of Disabled American Veterans.

Feature of the \$75,000 project, designed by Paul R. Williams, is a buoy which an over-water ramp connects with four 35-ft. pylons.



LEGENDARY DRAGON of Furth im Wald, Germany got its annual (since 1440) comeuppance when a gallant White Knight galloped

United Press

down the market place to save a beautiful Virgin (mayor's daughter) from the town's ancient enemy (16 tons of metal, wood and canvas).



United Press  
SENATOR TOBEY, gamblers' foe, played Daniel Webster on TV, looked like a benign leftover from the "Mr. Prohibition" cartoon era.



Keystone  
PRINCESS ANNE, second in succession to British throne, looked royally pert as she sat for photographer on her second birthday.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Anthony & Clarissa

At dingy Caxton Hall, a kind of London equivalent of a U.S. city hall, Anthony Eden, 55, and Clarissa Spencer-Churchill, 32, niece of Britain's Prime Minister, became man & wife last week. Eden's divorce from his first wife, the former Beatrice Beckett,<sup>9</sup> excluded him from the morning-coated church wedding that Britons expect of their well born and highly placed.

The handsome, happy couple had been distant friends, over cocktail and garden parties, ever since Clarissa could remember. They had even worked together (though far apart) in Britain's wartime Foreign Office—she as a decoding clerk, he as His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Clarissa had long found her wartime boss attractive, but though they met frequently at the homes of mutual friends, closest friends learned of their romance only two months ago.

The ceremony began at 11:45 a.m. An hour before, dingy Caxton Street was alive with London housewives, camera-clicking tourists and Whitehall office workers out for midmorning tea. Fierce, embarrassingly



EDENS & CHURCHILLS  
Gentlemen on the right, sword arm free.

fierce, feminine cheers greeted the handsome bridegroom as he arrived, looking middle-aged-blithely and debonair in a dark blue suit, famed Homburg hat and white carnation. "He's not every girl's cup of tea," go piped one feminine appraiser. "Divorced, dear, and fifty-five." Her companion tattled back: "But he's so distinguished . . ."

**The Sword Arm.** The Right Honorable Winston S. Churchill himself rolled up in his black Daimler, escorted by motorcycle

<sup>9</sup> Eden got his divorce in 1950 on the grounds of his wife's desertion, after 17 years of marriage, two sons: Simon, killed in action in World War II, and Nicholas, now aide-de-camp to the Governor General of Canada.

cops and wreathed in cherubic smiles. Then came the bride, blue-eyed, reddish-blond and glowing like an English hedge rose in her swirling pink dress (which she had designed herself) and pert, close-fitting hat.

It was quickly over. Winston Churchill signed as principal witness; Anthony kissed Clarissa, and arm-in-arm, the Edens set off down the seedy red carpet that stretched the length of a church aisle into cheering Caxton Street. Suddenly Anthony, pacing solemnly with Clarissa on his right arm, pulled up short and asked the bridegroom's perennial question: "Am I on the right side?" Clarissa didn't know; nor did Uncle Winston, who rumbled: "I am no expert in these matters." But the registrar saved the day. He switched Clarissa to her husband's left arm, explaining to Eden: "Gentleman on the right, sir. So that your sword arm is free."

Sword arm free, Anthony led his bride to their waiting limousine. Then the Edens were off to 10 Downing Street for a familial champagne lunch with the Prime Minister's family. Next morning, with four modest suitcases and £25 (\$70) apiece (the pittance allowed by the British Treasury to Britons vacationing abroad<sup>10</sup>),

<sup>10</sup> Though round-trip tickets may be purchased before leaving Britain, the British Ambassador to Portugal invited them to spend a weekend at the embassy, which also stretched out their funds.

## CLARISSA CHURCHILL EDEN

**Lineage:** Born June 28, 1920, third child, only daughter of Major John Strange Spencer-Churchill, Winston's younger brother. Father won a D.S.O. in the Boer War, died in 1947; mother, an Edwardian beauty, died in 1941. "True blue-blood," descended on her father's side from John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough (1650-1722); on her mother's from the Earls of Abingdon (the present eighth earl is Clarissa's cousin).

**Childhood & Education:** Precociously intelligent, and a listener-in almost since cradle days to political talk, Clarissa has early memories of Uncle Winnie building brick walls at Chartwell. "He was always in overalls," she says. "He liked to talk at long, long dinners." Packed off to boarding school at 14, sent to Paris for "finishing," went to Oxford to read philosophy. Introduced to London society in 1938, unofficially named "most beautiful debutante of the year."

**Social Position:** Managed to make her mark in the circles in which she wandered, always a little frail and aloof, making herself liked by the people she wanted to be liked by, and often unpopular with the rest. Friend of writers and critics like Cyril (Enemies of Promise) Connolly and Peter Quennell, able to talk to them in their own jargon, yet without convincing anyone of her profundity. As flip, smartly turned out professional journalist, got to know Orson Welles, Greta Garbo, Cecil Beaton (who lent her a cottage on his Wiltshire grounds). Although needing no introduction to high soci-

ety, she was befriended by the Duff Coopers, Lord David Cecil and Lord Salisbury, good friend of Eden.

**Physical Appearance:** Five feet seven, weighing about 112 lbs., has a willowy, finely boned handsomeness, like the echo of a Burne-Jones painting.

**Career:** Not rich, left with an income of about £200 (\$560) a year, Clarissa worked in the wartime Ministry of Information on *Britansky Sotyusnik*, an English-language propaganda newspaper edited in London and published in Russia. Later switched to the Foreign Office. Postwar jobs: feature editor (books, art, travel) of the London edition of *Vogue*; publicity woman at £1,000 a year (a good salary for a woman in Britain) for Moviemaker Sir Alexander Korda.

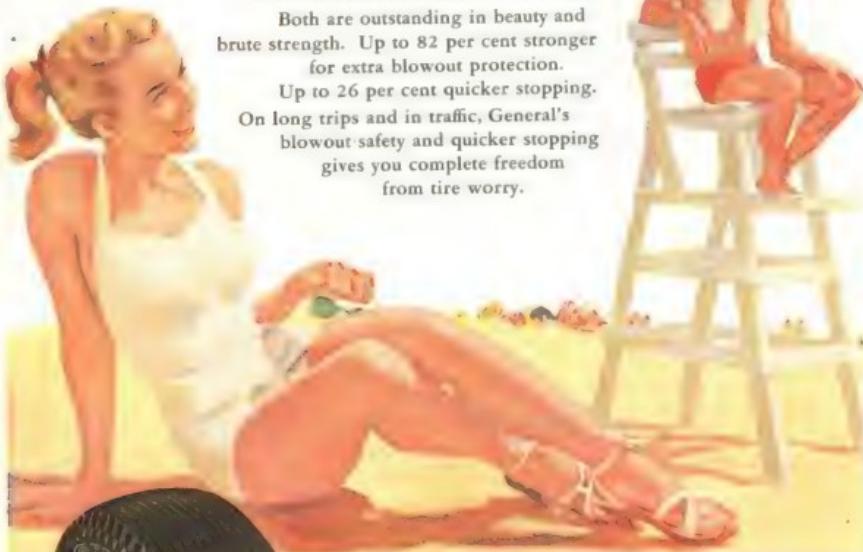
**Personality:** Quick, remote, dilettante-ish, easily bored and chronically unpunctual. Has the clipped, chilled voice of many girls of her class. Says one friend: "She constantly surprised you—often she was very businesslike; at other times, she seemed to be wandering through life like a beautiful dream." Designs her own dresses but has them made up by a "little woman around the corner," loves rose gardening (as does Eden), but dislikes sport, refuses to cook or keep house. "A person of decided views and individual tastes," said an Oxford don who knows her well. "Always a firsthand person." Women are apt to be reserved if not openly critical of her. Men, though, find her charming; she has had more than her share of suitors, but took none seriously until Eden.

# Beauty and Brute Strength

General, and only General offers you a choice of two tire stylings that say "Top Quality" at a glance...the new General Whiteway and the sleek new General Whitewall.

Both are outstanding in beauty and brute strength. Up to 82 per cent stronger for extra blowout protection.

Up to 26 per cent quicker stopping. On long trips and in traffic, General's blowout safety and quicker stopping gives you complete freedom from tire worry.



The General  
Super-Squeegee  
Whitewall

THE  
**GENERAL**  
TIRE

The General  
Super-Squeegee  
Whiteway

Goes a Long Way to Make Friends



*Whether it's a great Old-Timer...*

"The legendary 'surrey with the fringe on top' was never as colorful as this 1911 Pierce-Arrow station wagon," writes Henry Austin Clark, Jr., antique-car hobbyist who operates the Long Island Automotive Museum in Southampton, N.Y. "To protect the hard-to-replace parts of this rare model—on recent trips of

as long as 1500 miles, and between trips—I use the new *high detergency* motor oil, Gulfpride H.D."

Yes, even when the engine is *not* running, Gulfpride H.D. protects it . . . by combating corrosion and rust. Gulfpride H.D. is the new *high detergency* oil for both new and old cars.

*—or a modern-day favorite...*

"This '52 convertible is my second Mercury," writes Walter Hendershot of Willoghby, Ohio, "and it's far and away the finest car I've owned. I use Gulfpride H.D. to keep this engine smooth and clean."

Remarkable Gulfpride H.D. does far more than cut engine wear. It fights corrosion and rust, prevents plugging of piston rings and clogging of oil screens, and keeps hydraulic valve lifters from sticking.



*—guard it with*

## NEW Gulfpride H.D.

HIGH DETERGENCY

THE WORLD'S FINEST MOTOR OIL



Gulf Oil Corporation • Gulf Refining Company

the Edens caught the midmorning plane for Lisbon.

**The Church Militant.** All Britain wished them well—or almost all. Mr. Eden's second marriage, said the High Anglican *Church Times*, "like the unprecedented adoption by the American Democrats of a divorced man as candidate for the presidency, shows how far the climate of public opinion has changed for the worse, even since 1936. . . . [when Edward VIII left his throne for a woman]. It is now apparently to be accepted . . . that those who occupy the highest positions . . . may break the Church's law without embarrassment . . . This may make re-marriage after divorce 'respectable' in the eyes of a pagan generation. But it does not make it . . . right."

Instantly Britain's decent, godless daily press took up the cudgels on behalf of the Foreign Secretary. Such comments, declared the *Manchester Guardian*, "will make most of us glad that we do belong to a 'pagan generation' if the alternative is the rule of an intolerant clericalism . . ."

The honeymooners, making themselves at home for a week in a small hotel in the tiny village of Urgerica, ignored the rumour. Clarissa waited anxiously for BOAC to fly from London her cosmetic case, which, somehow, in the rush, had been left behind.

## CHINA

### Mission to Moscow

A plane from Peking slipped into the Moscow Central airport early this week and handed the world another great big question mark. On the plane were 15 top-level Chinese government and military leaders, headed by Red China's Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai. On the ground to greet them was Russia's No. 2 man, Politburocrat Vyacheslav Molotov.

This was no ordinary meeting of Kremlinites and satellites. Something was stirring, as could be judged by the fact that Chou's team included the chief of China's air fleet and the deputy chief of her artillery, as well as such industrial experts as Communist China has.

Earlier in the week, the Korean war had produced some contradictory words between North Korean and Chinese Communists. In an hour-long speech, North Korean Premier Kim said that his country "does not consider it dishonorable to conclude an armistice . . . after fighting against 19 powers for three years," and added that the war should end with "neither victor nor vanquished." But next day, as if to quash such defeatist talk, the Peking radio declared that "we must exert every effort" for victory, and promised that North Koreans and Chinese

© Wrote T. S. Eliot of the pagan generation:

*In the land of lobelias and tennis flannels  
The rabbit shall burrow and the thorn revisit,  
The nettle shall flourish on the gravel court,  
And the wind shall say: "Here were decent  
godless people;  
Their only monument the asphalt road  
And a thousand lost gall-bladders."*

together would "smash the schemes of the American aggressors," who are really only "paper tigers."

The last time the Russians and Chinese had got together, including the Number Ones of both countries, Stalin and Mao, their talk had lasted an unexpected two months. The experts took this delay to mean that there was some rift between the two. The actual result of their conferring was not felt until 4½ months later. Then the Korean war began.

## FRANCE

### Cave Crazy

Spelunkers are men who like to explore holes in the ground. They say in the Pyrenees, which are as full of holes as Gruyere cheese, that once you become a spelunker (short for speleologist) the passion never leaves you. Such a man was



INTERCONTINENTAL

SPLEUNKER LOUBENS  
Ninety minutes down.

33-year-old Marcel Louhens. Since boyhood he had been crawling in & out of caves in his native Ariège in southern France. Then he ran an office-equipment firm in Paris, but the passion was still with him. Last year he was a member of an expedition which had set up a new spelunking record: 1,168 feet in vertical descent into the earth's crust.

A fortnight ago, at the mouth of a huge bottle-shaped abyss near the Spanish frontier in the Pyrenees, Louhens and twelve other Belgian, French and British spelunkers led by famed Belgian Physicist Max Cosyns, set out to break their own record. Their wives, resigned to indulging their husbands' odd vacation hobby, stayed together at a nearby hotel.

The spelunkers had an electric winch and 1,300 feet of steel cable in the core of which was embedded a telephone wire. Louhens went down first. He wore water-resistant coveralls, a miner's head lamp,

strong cleated boots, and a crash helmet for protection against falling rocks. It took him 90 minutes to get down, dangling in parachute harness, spinning round & round, but when he touched bottom he was farther down than the Eiffel Tower is up. Three other spelunkers followed him. They established a camp in the big vault, perhaps 900 feet long, half as wide, and 300 feet high. They explored the even deeper caverns that sloped away from the shaft. They threw yellow-green dye into a rushing underground river to test their theory that this was the same river which surged out of the ground three miles away. (It was.) They looked for new forms of subterranean life, such as the cockroaches they found last year, almost white and without eyes. Last week, after four days underground, Louhens telephoned that he was coming up.

Spelunker Louhens was suffering from "cavern disease," acute depression caused by remaining too long underground. On his way up, the steel cable, sawing on jagged rocks, snapped. Louhens fell through darkness to a pile of boulders 120 feet below. He had a broken back and broken jaw. Not until next morning did Dr. André Mairey reach the unconscious Louhens. Even as he lashed the injured man to a stretcher, Louhens died. The stretcher jammed in the rocks. While Louhens' widow and father waited at the surface, the spelunkers thoughtfully removed Louhens' wedding ring and then buried him where no doubt he would have preferred to be buried, under a heap of boulders, a thousand feet underground.

## GERMANY

### Herr Doktor

"I cannot listen endlessly to your talk of Jewish rites," said Judge Josef Mulzer, one-time Nazi, in the Bavarian State Court. The man before the court last April, under indictment for fraud and embezzlement, was Philipp Auerbach, former head of the Jewish restitution office in Bavaria. The defense was protesting the court's decision to begin Auerbach's trial at Passover. It was like that throughout, a trial that stirred old enmities and tense feelings in Germany. It was the first big trial of a Jew before a German court since the war.

After the Nazis seized his father's business in 1934, Auerbach had fled the country, but in 1940 the Vichy French turned him over to the Gestapo. Auerbach was sent from one concentration camp to another, finally to Buchenwald. His school knowledge of chemistry saved him from the gas chambers: he became the prison pest exterminator. The prisoners called him Herr Doktor. He survived, but the Nazis killed 21 of his relatives.

After the war he began working among the survivors of Nazism. When Bavaria, under U.S. pressure, passed a law to indemnify these survivors, Auerbach was appointed to distribute the funds. All went well until the Germans became suspicious of how Auerbach was spending the money. Methodically, they went to work collect-

ing evidence, finally nailed him with a 102-page indictment which charged him with extortion, swearing to false affidavits, and the unauthorized use of the title Herr Doktor, but chiefly with having paid out to Jews 3,000,000 marks in false claims. Named with him was Aaron Ohrenstein, chief rabbi of Bavaria.

Auerbach denied everything, except having used the title Herr Doktor, for which, since his concentration-camp days, he admitted a certain fondness. Last week the court (three out of the five judges were former Nazis) found against Auerbach and Ohrenstein, sentenced Auerbach to 30 months in jail and \$643 in fines. Ohrenstein to one year and \$2,380 in fines. Auerbach, his arm in a sling, sick with diabetes contracted during his concentration-camp days, politely thanked the court, complimented the chief judge for the fairness of the trial, though he was somewhat critical of the "terror verdict," and went back to the drab little clinic where he had been held during the trial's four months. He wrote to his wife saying that he could not endure the shame of conviction. That evening he chewed up a handful of sleeping tablets and quietly died.

## CZECHOSLOVAKIA

### Where Is Johnny Hvasta?

Leopoldov Prison in central Czechoslovakia is a 17th century fortress with walls 39 feet thick. There last December Stepan Gavenda, a tough Czech worker serving a rap for anti-Communist activity, saw a prison work detail taking bricks, sand and cement into a tunnel in the fortress wall. Said Gavenda to his frailer friend Jaroslav Bures, a bookkeeper also convicted for anti-Communism: "Where there is a hole to be filled in, there's a hole to get out." At the first opportunity they explored the tunnel, which proved to be an old gun port, and found the far end jammed with bricks and fresh mortar.

Six men in Gavenda's work detail planned the escape. Prison guards armed with submachine guns patrolled the top of the fortress wall, but the work detail wrangled a job close to the tunnel entrance. Each day one man crept into the tunnel and scratched away at the still soft mortar. One of the six men seemed too weak to make the break. This was the one they called Johnny, a shy, silent 24-year-old with pinched cheeks and the jumpy eyes of a man who has spent a long time in solitary. He was having trouble with his feet; the police had beaten him on them during interrogation. One of the prisoners spoke up: "Johnny is an American, and once we get out, maybe he can help us through; the American embassy in Prague."

**By the Right Fork.** When the zero hour came, Johnny, pale and nervous, stood watch while Gavenda bled his fingers, tearing down the last bricks. At 4 p.m. the head guard signaled that the day's work was over, and the guards descended from the fortress walls. Gavenda crawled out of the recessed gun port, got a firm

hold on the outer wall and swung himself down to the ground. The others tumbled after him. The six men made a dash for a railroad embankment, ran under its cover to a bridge across the Vah River. Gavenda almost fell over a woman washing clothes in the river. She stared at the men in grey prison clothes, said quietly: "You will not get through this way." Gavenda shot back over his shoulder: "Little mother, we will get through anywhere."

Near the village of Svatý Peter, the path forked, Gavenda, Bures and another man turned left, going through a quiet village street. Johnny and two other prisoners took the right fork. That was the last Bures saw of Johnny.

**The Secret Kept.** A month later, Gavenda, veteran of 30 border crossings, dragged the exhausted Bures across the



Associated Press

PRIISONER HVASTA  
Solitary makes the eyes jumpy.

frontier into the safety of West Germany. They brought to U.S. Intelligence the first news that John Hvasta of Hillsdale, N.J., a Czech-born naturalized American had jumped bail. Hvasta had been snatched from his job in the U.S. consulate in Bratislava in 1948 and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment on an espionage charge. For six months Intelligence kept the story secret, in order not to help the Communists in their search. Fortnight ago the Czech Foreign Minister informed the U.S. of Hvasta's escape. In Munich the U.S. let Refugees Gavenda and Bures give their own estimate of Hvasta's chances. Said Bookkeeper Bures: "I think Hvasta is alive. Why should the Czechs say he was missing if he wasn't? If they had shot him they could say he was shot trying to escape." Said Gavenda: "I've been in this business a long time now, long enough to know that one of us helps the other. If he made it to friends he's probably safe."

## ITALY

### Roman Holiday

"Here we are in Rome," complained an American tourist, camera in hand and vivid sport shirt on torso, one red-hot day last week. "But where are the Romans?"

They were taking a holiday. It was Ferragosto Day (Aug. 15), Italy's best loved and most ancient annual holiday,\* and from the teeming Eternal City (pop. 1,600,000) a million Romans decamped to their seaside villas and to public picnic grounds in the Abruzzi Mountains or at war-tamed Anzio Beach. Shops, offices, banks, even Vatican City's Sistine Chapel, were closed up tight, though St. Peter's, as always, stayed open. Garbage went uncollected, milk undelivered, newspapers unpublished and tourists unsolicited by the prostitutes in Villa Borghease park. At his summer palace of Castel Gandolfo, Pope Pius XII rested for a couple of days; so did Premier Alcide de Gasperi and most of his political friends and enemies. Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti spent the weekend hiking in the Alps with a collection of village Communists.

Even the cops disappeared from Rome's deserted boulevards. Explained one of the sweating few who remained at his post: "There's nothing for [police] to do. No respectable crook would be caught dead in town on Ferragosto."

### Lie & Let Lie

In Italy they have an old custom which allows a taxpayer to declare his own income for purposes of local taxation, subject to correction by a commission of his fellow citizens. The tendency is to lie and let lie. In the town of Guastalla (pop. 6,000), which sprawls peacefully along the banks of the Po River, the president of the local tax commission is a Communist. Professor Remo Salati, who wears a double-breasted suit like Communist Leader Togliatti and imitates Togliatti's manner of talking, also has access to federal tax returns in which taxpayers, in the face of stringent new tax laws, assess their incomes more realistically.

Noting a glaring discrepancy between what the townspeople told the local government and the federal government, Communist Salati sent a card around to taxable townsfolk notifying them that their local taxes had been revised sharply upward. In most cases, taxes would be three times as high.

Next day hundreds crowded city hall, sure that there must be some mistake. But there wasn't. The mayor called a meeting of protest, but the Socialist-Communist majority on the town council upheld Salati.

\* Rome has celebrated Ferragosto for some 1,000 years. Most historians trace its origin to the three-day *leries augustales* (holidays of Augustus) proclaimed in 20 B.C. in honor of the triumphant return of Caesar Augustus from his campaign against Antony and Cleopatra. Some say it has even earlier beginnings. Six centuries later it became a universal Roman Catholic holiday, celebrating the assumption of the Virgin Mary into heaven.

lati's assessments. Then a strange thing occurred in the quiet town of Guastalla. Businessmen and shopkeepers called for a six-hour strike against Salati. Every bar and shop in town closed. Local factories sent their workers home. Buses ceased running. Even the Communist-run cooperative store shut its door (for this, Manager Afrio Tavernelli was later relieved of his party card). Guastalla became a ghost town.

When Salati heard that the bar run by the Communist welfare organization had closed, he ordered it reopened. Not a customer appeared until 5, when Salati himself showed up for a coffee. "I am sorry, comrade," said the barman, "but there's no pressure in the coffee machine." Salati settled for a warm orange squash. Later the local newspaper, which had also closed down for the six hours, crowed: "The first strike of its kind in Italy. A complete success."

At week's end, Communist Taxmaster Salati was still standing his ground—but so were Guastalla's taxpayers.

## HUNGARY

### Portrait of a Red

Matyas Rakosi is the kind of old Communist revolutionary who left talk about civil liberties, land reform and the like to the parlor set. At 27 he was a hard-bitten commissar in the regime of Hungarian Red Terrorist Bela Kun; at 28 he was in Moscow as a secretary of the Comintern Executive, perfecting methods for smuggling agents into foreign lands, and capturing control of trade unions.

At 34 he went back to his native Hungary for illegal work, was captured, twice sentenced to long jail terms. Tried on 25 charges of murder, another 17 cases of inciting to murder, Rakosi spat at the court: "I do not intend to justify my

actions. I honestly pursued my Communist convictions. I have no cause whatever to relent."

In 1940, after the Hitler-Stalin pact, Moscow persuaded Germany to pressure Hungary into releasing Rakosi after 15 years in jail, mostly in solitary. He went straight to Russia, was dubbed a Soviet colonel-general, and 4½ years later was back in war-battered Budapest with the advancing Red armies.

There, Rakosi began applying his famed salami tactics: "Demanding a little more each day, like cutting up a salami, thin slice after thin slice." While the rest of the government was dominated and run by the Smallholders and the Socialists, Rakosi demanded and got for his party the Interior Ministry (and thereby control of the police). Then his smalls trumped up charges against the Smallholders and Socialists, one by one, in two years eliminated them entirely. Though Rakosi's Reds never won more than 17% of the vote in free elections, they took over the government in 1947 and have been turning down the screws ever since.

Last week, on Hungary's warmest summer day, sweat gathered on Rakosi's bulging, bald head and poured down his round face as he took the last slice of the salami. The puppet Hungarian National Assembly, which usually meets for a few dutiful days twice a year, held a special session and crowned Matyas Rakosi Premier of Hungary. Appropriately, Rakosi was clad in black.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### Planned Disobedience

In June it began. All over the Union of South Africa, Negroes and Indians, some boldly but most of them timidly, were defying Jim Crow, boarding "white" buses, stepping up to counters reserved for whites in the post office, refusing to show their passes when accosted by the cops. As a nonviolent civil disobedience campaign, it owed its inspiration to Gandhi—but often, in the background, it owed its guidance to Marx. In the minds of 2,500,000 whites, it stirred fears of what might happen if all of South Africa's usually docile 10 million blacks, half-whites and browns came awake.

In the genteel Cape Province town of Grahamstown, 58 Negroes were jailed for walking in the streets after curfew (11 p.m.). In Pretoria, 20 singing Negroes and one Indian were arrested for marching into the "white" section of the railway station. Eight hundred nonwhites were in jail in East London; 800 more in Port Elizabeth. The nonwhites hoped their defiance would moderate Prime Minister Daniel Malan's "unjust laws" (racial segregation) by 1) filling the jails to overflowing, 2) catching the eve of the U.N. The African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress recruited 10,000 "volunteers" ready to go to jail when called. They were quite matter-of-fact about it. "I told my boss that I'm scheduled for arrest next week," explained



G. D. Hockley

MATYAS RAKOSI  
Thin slices of salami.



DR. JAMES MOROKA  
Volunteers with cousins.

one Negro volunteer. "My cousin will hold my job for me, and when I leave prison, he'll go in."

One morning last week a squad of South African detectives burst into the clinic in the tiny, tin-roofed Orange Free State village of Thaba Nchu and arrested 60-year-old Dr. James S. Moroka, the respected president of the anti-Malan African National Congress. He asked permission to attend his last patient and they agreed. Then Moroka, a devout Christian and moderate who believes that "white and black need each other," was led off to jail, charged with "promoting the objects of Communism," and released on \$280 bail. He appealed to black South Africans to "stay calm and behave with dignity."

By arresting Moroka and 16 lesser leaders, some of them Communist-liners, Malan's Nationalists plainly hoped to break the back of the disobedience movement. They were disappointed. The day after Moroka's arrest, 60 more smiling Negroes got themselves jailed in Port Elizabeth, another 20 in nearby Uitenhage. So many nonwhites were volunteering as prisoners that some jails refused to take any more.

## EGYPT

### The Boss Takes a Hand

At the tag end of an 18-hour workday, General Mohammed Naguib, Egypt's reluctant strong man, and his eager-beaver officers gathered around a radio in Abhassia barracks. They tuned in to hear their hand-picked Premier, Aly Maher, report to the nation. When the Premier had finished, the officers were disappointed and mad. Why hadn't Aly spelled out his proposed social and economic reforms instead of merely saying that reforms were on the way? The Premier had been long on generalities, short on specifics. His only hard & fast promise was a pledge to lift press

censorship. To a country tiring for change, this was hardly enough.

The officers set to work. Shortly after 2:30 that morning, Cairo editors got a statement, bearing Naguib's signature, that was as sharp and pointed as Aly's had been rambling and evasive. Naguib, speaking for the army, called for elections in February, measures to encourage industrialization, the breakup of large estates and distribution of land to the peasantry. He even rapped Aly's knuckles for taxing the poor man's tobacco.

The next morning, restless Cairo buzzed. Had the split come between the army and its chosen politician? Had Naguib now decided to abandon his nonpolitical "simple soldier" role and to rule in fact instead of by proxy? Emissaries from Egypt's most powerful party, the corrupt Wafd, rushed to Aly's side offering their support should he decide to stand up to the army. But though annoyed by Naguib's counter-proclamation, Aly snapped no and went into conference with the general who later announced that a special committee would synchronize army and government policies.

Naguib's undiplomatic show of strength accomplished its purpose. Aly Maher's cabinet announced the details of the army's land-reform law, and proclaimed the law as its own.

The fertile Nile, cradle of a once-great civilization, is today one of the world's great slums. Desert covers 96% of Egypt, leaving less than six million acres of arable land, clinging in a narrow green strip to the winding Nile. There live 12 million hapless people, in the most densely populated rural area in the world. The wealthy one-tenth of one percent of Egypt's landowners hold almost 60% of the land. The army proposes to break up all estates of more than 200 acres, sell the surplus acreage to fellahs with less than two acres apiece. This would create more than 350,000 new peasant landowners. The government would repay the landlords in 30 years; the newly landed peasants would have even longer to repay the government. Landlords could be jailed for five years for obstructing redistribution.

Naguib's plan was a bold one. He showed his hand elsewhere:

¶ The government set up seven purge committees to probe every dark corner of Egyptian public life—from dealings in public lands to cotton-market manipulations and the Palestine arms scandal.

¶ Naguib's soldiers put down a riotous strike of 6,000 textile workers near Alexandria, set up a special military court staffed with twelve prosecutors who worked all night taking evidence against 30 instigators and ringleaders. "The sentences," said General Naguib, "will be executed immediately and without mercy." Later, emerging from the headquarters mosque at Abbassia, Naguib faced his cheering soldiers and warned them: there are "still in the country elements who are actively working to frustrate our movement. We'll crush them—we'll shoot them if necessary."

## IRAN

### Two Steps Forward

Mohammed Mossadegh, just about the last man standing between his country and the Reds, last week tried to take his country two steps away from Communism. The first was a little step. The unpredictable Premier called in British Charge d'Affaires George Middleton to discuss once more the possibility of a settlement with the British. Then, while Mossadegh waited for London's response (certain to be hedged with suspicious reservations), he decreed one of the most far-reaching rural reforms ever proclaimed by any government. It was more thoroughly spelled out than Egypt's (*see above*)—if less certain to be carried out.

Under his new dictatorial powers, Mossadegh, himself a wealthy landlord, abol-



Koy Totsuka

Cuckoos sang but faces were stiff.

ished centuries-old feudal dues and services, and ordered landlords to turn over one-fifth of their rents to the impoverished peasantry. Half of this sum will go to the sharecroppers on each tract. The other half is to be deposited to the credit of local, peasant-run cooperatives which are to be set up in each village to provide low-interest loans, tools, irrigation facilities and drinking water for the peasants. Point Four men on the scene applauded the scheme.

Aware that what he decreed in Teheran might (and probably will) be ignored in the countryside, Mossadegh announced that resisting landlords will be jailed for two months and fined double the value of their first evasion. Second offenders will be fined quadruple the amount ordered.

Iran's wealthy landlords, who own 70% of the nation's cultivated land and 40,000 of its 41,000 villages, growled angrily. So did the Reds, who screamed at seeing their thunder stolen.

## JAPAN

### "A Rural Tragedy"

For many generations Ichiro Ishikawa's ancestors had lived in Ueno, a remote, semi-feudal village in Shizuoka prefecture. Ueno's rich, black volcanic soil yielded rice, corn, sweet potatoes and garden vegetables. There were nightingales, cuckoos, profusely blooming wild chrysanthemums; and, in summer, gorgeous swarms of red dragonflies. Life in Ueno was good.

**Balloons v. Fireworks.** Yet Ichiro Ishikawa had troubles. Once he had owned more than three acres of forest land, paddies and dry rice field. The U.S. occupiers had taken his woodland for SCAP's land reform program. Then, in drinking and gambling on flower cards, Ichiro had lost all but half an acre of the rice land. He had to hire out to other villagers. Still, he had a docile, hard-working wife and three fine daughters, of whom his special pride was the middle one, Satsuki (May Moon). May Moon, plump, smart and 17, was an honor student at the local high school, and read Jefferson, Lincoln, Hawthorne, Goethe, De Maupassant, Wilde and Gide.

Recently, the people of Ueno were called on to vote (in a by-election) for a representative in the upper house of Japan's Diet. On election day there was also a fireworks display at a nearby Shinto shrine. The local boss canvassed the villagers, asked those who wanted to see the fireworks to hand over their admission tickets to the polls, so that Ueno might still have a patriotically large number of ballots cast. In one ward a bulletin was circulated demanding that people who did not intend to vote bring their tickets to the ward leader's house. Some women who voted for the right candidate were allowed to vote five times.

**Scandal v. Scorn.** Ichiro Ishikawa's wife Kimiko, who went proudly forth to cast her ballot as one of Japan's newly enfranchised women, reported these scandalous goings-on to her family. They did not correspond to what May Moon had learned in her civics books. So May Moon wrote an indignant letter to *Asahi Shim bun*, Japan's most influential newspaper. Government investigators moved into Ueno.

The people of Ueno felt that dishonor had fallen on the village, but that May Moon not they, had caused it. The cold silence of *mura-hachibū* enveloped the family, a severe form of ostracism in which no one will speak to the victims or aid them except in case of fire or funeral. No one would lend Ichiro tools and he could get no work. But he did not blame his daughter, and she did not blame the villagers. "The chiefs had told them that the village should cast many votes and would not be dishonored," said May Moon. "This is indeed a rural tragedy."

Added her mother: "It is very difficult. Of what joy are the songs of cuckoos and nightingales when one's friends are silent and their faces are stiff with scorn?"



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# THE HEMISPHERE.

## CANADA

### Boom, Zoom

Canada's exports, reported the Bureau of Statistics, reached an alltime high of \$2,080,600,000 during the first six months of 1952, a 20% increase over the corresponding period last year. Slightly more than half the total went to the U.S.; the U.K. accounted for 10%, Latin America for 7%, and most of the remaining 21% went to Commonwealth and European countries.

Canada's dollar was still zooming too. Wall Street last week quoted the Canadian dollar at a little more than \$1.04 U.S., its highest point since 1933 (\$1.056).

## BRAZIL

### Crash of the *Felipetas*

Back in the '20s, soon after Charles ("Get-Rich-Quick") Ponzi went broke offering Bostonians "double your money" in six months, Moran & Mack, the "Two Black Crows" of vaudeville and radio, told a story about raising pigs on their farm. The pigs cost \$4 apiece and were fattened for the market, but brought only \$4 when sold.

"Why, you can't make money that way," Moran would say, shocked.

"Va-as," Mack would sigh, "we found that out."

Last week a Brazilian air force lieutenant named Luiz Felipe Albuquerque Jr., 30, also found out. Having lilted some \$35 million from Brazilians in a fantastic borrow-from-Peter-to-pay-Paul scheme (and thereby out-Ponzing Ponzi, whose operations never topped \$15 million), Albuquerque found that he had gone broke. On the front page of his newspaper *Diário do Rio*, he printed a shattering notice: "On this date, for unforeseen reasons I am closing my commercial activities . . . Those who intuitively saw that my business would fail were right . . . I shall not run away . . . My creditors will be paid . . . Remain calm, my friends . . ."

To Help Humanity, Albuquerque's friends and creditors had fallen for a scheme of classic simplicity. Starting two years ago, he offered to buy fellow officers' cars for 30% more than their value, and pay off in five months. Then he turned the cars into ready cash to invest in any likely venture (except the liquor and cigarette businesses and outright gambling); these were taboo, he said, under the Baptist principles he had been converted to while in flight training at Texas' Randolph Field in 1944. "I want to help humanity," he said. "Brazil is a country with very little money. With \$500 you can't do much. But with \$5,000 you can do a lot, and with \$50,000 almost anything."

All he had to do was keep on borrowing more and faster than his first debts fell due. As month after month he paid off on his IOUs, air force officers in droves sold

their cars for his notes, which were soon known at all air bases as *felipetas*. When the Air Ministry heard of his dealings and called him in, the lieutenant explained himself so convincingly that the big brass offered to sell him their cars. But he was advised to switch to a reserve commission and give all his time to business.

Out of uniform, Albuquerque did even better. He had a four-room suite of offices in Rio, and branches in three other cities; he bought a newspaper, formed an export-import firm, owned a fleet of 66 taxicabs and four taxi planes, launched a trucking business and bought a partnership in an established car-selling agency. Hourly his 22 messengers dashed out to pay off *felipetas*. Albuquerque declared that his greatest desire was "to put a copy of the

hiding, where he was reportedly reading his New Testament and praying that he might be spared to serve humanity, the lieutenant sent word through his newspaper that "I am on the eve of announcing my plan to pay back my creditors."

## MEXICO

### The General & the Blonde

As buyer of U.S. warplanes and supplies for Nationalist China, Lieut. General P. T. Mow (who likes to be called Pete) failed to account for \$19 million in funds credited to his name in U.S. banks. Early this year, when his government sued in a Washington, D.C. federal court for an accounting and the return of any unspent money, Mow took a powder (*TIME*, March 10). His lawyer admitted that Mow had gone across the border to Mexico.

In palmy Cuernavaca, resort town about 35 miles south of Mexico City, Mow bought a big house and hired four servants. A fortnight ago he rode in his Cadillac to Cuernavaca's cobbled shopping section to buy a straw hat. As he stepped out of the car door, five men grabbed him, flicked out police badges, whisked him back to his house. There they also arrested a slim, trim, two-toned blonde named Agnes Kelly, 31, who became Mow's secretary after giving up nightclub appearances and modeling in New York. While Mow fumed, the gumshoes searched his house, snatched his papers. Then, without preferring formal charges, they bundled the greying general and the blonde up to Mexico City and locked them for three days in a 12-by-12-foot detention office, where they slept on a couple of wooden desks.

Mow was arrested because the Chinese embassy in Mexico had demanded his extradition to Formosa on charges of embezzlement at least \$5,000,000. It was reported that Mow had a sizable part of the missing millions in Mexico. His local attorney said that Mow would hand the money over to the United Nations or the Mexican government if he could be sure it would be returned to the Chinese people "instead of the pockets of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek." Once Mow was in custody, however, Attorney General Luis Felipe Canudas decided that Mexico had a couple of scores to settle first with the high-living general, illegal entry, and use of stolen funds to buy Mexican property. Added Canudas: "We are holding Agnes Kelly, his secretary—we have to have a polite name for her—as an accomplice in spending the stolen money." Also held: Oliver Kisich, 53, balding San Francisco "business consultant," who said he had been hired by Mow's U.S. attorney "to help the general out in Mexico."

At week's end Secretary Kelly was freed for lack of evidence tying her to the charges against Mow. Moved to the federal penitentiary, Mow will have to await the government's next move.



LUIZ FELIPE ALBUQUERQUE JR.  
"Remain calm, my friends."

New Testament in the hand and heart of every Brazilian."

To Pay Back Creditors, Albuquerque could not keep paying what amounted to 72% annual interest (at 30% for every five months). He made a couple of fancy killings importing machinery from the U.S. and olive trees from Portugal. He took to trading in diamonds, speculating in real estate. Toward the end, he began hinting he had a "big backer" who could always find millions for him. Yet the crackup, when it came, caught Rio by surprise. *Felipetas* in hand, creditors rushed frantically to Albuquerque's Rue México headquarters. Officers, janitors, housewives, merchants swarmed into the empty offices.

Creditors started unloading their *felipetas*. Then word got around that Albuquerque's agents were in the market buying up notes at 10% of face value. One newspaper estimated that in the first day they bought back \$5,000,000 worth. From

## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

**Would Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth make up?** From coast to coast, it was a burning question for the press.

After a few days at the Saratoga yearling sales, where he wined & dined and sidestepped family questions but sold 20 of his father's yearlings for a total of \$173,500, Aly chartered a plane for Manhattan. From there he flew to Los Angeles.

Reporters waiting for his arrival were disappointed. Rita was not there. Director Charles Vidor, his host for the five-day visit, was waiting with car and chauffeur. Would Aly and Rita . . . ? "I hope so," said Aly. "That's what I am here for." Then he drove off to the momentous meeting—dinner at the Hayworth house in Beverly Hills. At word that the dinner was stretching out until 3 a.m., the encircling corps of correspondents and photographers doubled.

The next day the press watch in Beverly Hills began early and lasted long. Aly arrived for lunch and stayed & stayed. The press grew restive and clamored for an audience. In desperation, newsmen formed a crescent on Rita's lawn, fell to their knees, salamandered and pleading. At last Aly appeared. Would he and Rita . . . ? "Everything is going fine," answered Aly. Then he proposed a mutually agreeable truce to the press: go now and come back tomorrow for pictures and interviews. That evening it was three-year-old Yasmin who did more than anyone else to promote a reconciliation. Somehow she managed to swallow some sleeping pills. Aly and Rita became father & mother as they rushed to the hospital, held hands and waited until word came that there was no danger.



Mrs. EDWARD MACDOWELL  
Thanks for the opportunity.

Next day, with true-time over, reporters converged on Rita's lawn again. Good as his word, Aly appeared with Rita for a smiling picture. Said Rita, "We are very happy to see each other." But, reporters asked, would they . . . ? The answer was "No comment." Any plans, then? Yes, Aly was off to the Del Mar race track, and at the end of his visit he planned to "go to Kentucky to see some friends in the horse business."

In Hollywood, veteran Director-Producer **Cecil B. DeMille**, 71, celebrated his golden wedding anniversary. His for-

mula for a successful marriage: "A man must be lucky enough to find a patient, gracious lady."

**Perle Mesta**, once famed for her Washington parties, wrote in *This Week* magazine: "After the three years I have served as Minister to Luxembourg, with world conditions as they are, I could never return to the party world of Washington . . . If I ever give Washington parties again, they will be different in purpose and spirit . . .

The late Sir Stafford Cripps's one-page will was filed for probate in Gloucester, England. The onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer left an estate of \$42,380 to his widow and a three-bedroom cottage to his daughter, Diana.

**John L. Lewis** announced that his United Mine Workers pension fund this year had paid out \$126,300,000 and had received \$126,500,000 in interest and royalties. Present balance in the fund: \$99,500,000.

In a "preview birthday party" at Hillrest Farm Peterborough, N.H., **Mrs. Edward MacDowell**, 94-year-old widow of famed U.S. Composer Edward (*To a Wild Rose*) MacDowell, heard praise and thanks from some 300 artists and friends for founding the 600-acre MacDowell Colony, an inexpensive, secluded working spot which has produced more than 20 Pulitzer Prizewinners in the past 45 years.

After a visit to MacDowell's grave and the log cabin in the woods where he did his composing, there were speeches by Senators Styles Bridges and Charles Tobey. Thornton Wilder read passages from *Our Town*, which he wrote in the colony. Mrs. MacDowell listened to selections of her husband's music and accepted a birthday book of greetings from several hun-



PLEADING NEWSMEN. WAITING FOR ALY & RITA  
Happy to see each other.



Associated Press

# PLASTICS add *sales appeal!*



*luxury note in the Beauty World...  
-made of STYRON 475*

Because he wanted strikingly beautiful packaging, the maker of Erno Lazlo cosmetics chose Styron 475 as the finest material available to attain that end. The finished containers dramatically express a restrained elegance so befitting these exquisite, high-style cosmetics. These sales-producing packages were achieved by the manufacturer, the molder

and Dow working together, pooling their talents to reach the desired result. Similarly, this "working together" with lightweight, tough, flexible Styron 475 may help you improve your packaging, too. Such packaging will reflect your product's character and be abreast of today's need for harder sell at point-of-sale.

*Write Today*

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Cleveland • Detroit • St. Louis  
Houston • San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle  
Dow Chemical of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada



*let's work it  
out together!*

TIME, AUGUST 25, 1952

DID  
you  
know?



More than a million rooms were covered with plastics wall tile this year . . . since this use for plastics began in 1945 with approximately 250 rooms . . . a growth of 4,000 per cent!



A plastics ukulele strummed under water continued in perfect tune when played recently on a famous television program. The conventional ukulele used to require 2½ hours for assembly of its 30 parts. Polystyrene has made it possible to produce, in just 6 minutes, a fine quality instrument having only 7 parts.



Nearly every family in the United States now has a refrigerator. Plastics have made it possible to maintain 3 different temperature zones in the latest models. More than 22 pounds of plastics are incorporated in the average refrigerator today.



dred statesmen and former colonists. She was said Mrs. MacDowell in her thank-you speech, "a very ordinary woman who was given a very great opportunity which I seized." And from Colony President Carl Carmer there was further good news. The proceeds of a fund-raising campaign now under way will be turned over to Mrs. MacDowell on her 95th birthday next November. The hope, he said, is to raise "a thousand dollars for each year of Mrs. MacDowell's life and a few extra thousand for her to grow on."

The Edinburgh Chamber of Commerce gave the Duke of Edinburgh a trinket for his son Prince Charles: a set of bagpipes, one-third normal size, whose "effect is, to a Scotsman, most musical and quite inspiring."

**Princess Yolanda** of Savoy, 51, daughter of the late King Victor Emmanuel, while driving with her husband, Count Carlo Calvi di Bergolo, along a highway near Milan, saw a tank truck swerve from the road and plunge into a ravine. While her husband drove to the nearest village for help, the princess, an expert golfer, swimmer and tennis player, broke into the truck's cab (the week had buckled the doors) and rescued the two drivers, who were drowning in wine. The wine-filled tank had burst, flooding the cab.

The Most Rev. Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, **Archbishop of Canterbury**, and his wife arrived in Manhattan for a five-week holiday in Boxford, Mass., as guests of the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U.S. Mrs. Fisher said that she intended to see something of the countryside "to find out how Americans really live." Dr. Fisher, who will make two addresses during his visit, said part of his time would be spent boning up on the



GARY COOPER  
Pride in Paradise.

coronation rite for the crowning of Queen Elizabeth II next June. Also, though not as active a gardener as Bishop Sherrill, "I shall be ready to push the wheelbarrow as far as I may be able to do."

Middleweight **Sugar Ray Robinson** hired a prominent plastic surgeon to remove scar tissue from his brow and pretty up his nose. Manhattan sportswriters concluded that he was getting ready to retire from the ring.

After twelve weeks of training, **Peter Forrestol**, 21, son of the late Secretary of Defense, was sworn in as an ensign at the United States Naval Station, Long Beach, Calif.

Democratic Presidential Candidate **Adlai Stevenson** sat and listened to a stout defense of himself from the pulpit of the Springfield, Ill., Presbyterian Church. Departing from the Scripture to comment on current events, the Rev. Richard Graebel thundered that Republican Senator Everett Dirksen's statement that Stevenson was the worst Illinois governor of the 20th century was "a blatant lie." Said Pastor Graebel later: he was not aware that the governor was in his church.

From Apia, British Samoa, came a picture of **Cinemactor Gary Cooper**, proud spearer of a young octopus, which Cooper got during an off-duty period from his job of starring in *Return to Paradise*, based on a James Michener South Sea story.

Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett and other top brass gathered in the Pentagon to watch Acting Air Force Chief of Staff General Nathan F. Twining pin the Distinguished Flying Cross on veteran Barnstormer Speed Pilot **Roscoe Turner** for his "contributions toward the advance-

ment of the science of aerial flight." It was awarded by an act of Congress, and the first time in 20 years that the D.F.C. has been given to a civilian.

In London, Former Prime Minister **Clement Attlee** and his wife boarded BOAC's new Comet jet airliner and whooshed off to Rhodesia for a two weeks' visit.

The widow of General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold, World War II Air Force boss, turned over some 15,000 of his personal papers and items to the Library of Congress, which accepted the gift as "an invaluable addition" to its collection of aeronautical manuscripts.

Industrialist **Henry J. Kaiser** made a chilling discovery 30 minutes before he was scheduled to pilot one of his speed-boats in the Lake Tahoe Gold Cup race. Someone had sawed half through the two-inch propeller shaft of one of his Gold Cup racers, and had stuffed nuts, bolts and rags into the carburetor and blower. Another had been thoroughly doused with gasoline. It was, said Kaiser, "an attempt at plain, cold murder." But he climbed into a third boat in his fleet, buzzed off to a second place behind Shipping Heir Stanley Dollar, Jr.

In Hollywood, French-born Cinemactress **Corinne Calvert** filed a \$1,000.000 slander suit against Hungarian-born Cinemactress **Zsa Zsa Gabor** for telling a columnist that Corinne was cockney English, not French at all. From London Zsa Zsa replied: "It's much easier to get a million dollars out of a rich husband than it is out of another actress." At week's end, to the entire satisfaction of her press-agent, Corinne recalled another galling insult: "Zsa Zsa said once that I had no breasts. Well, any time she feels like making a contest out of it, I'm ready."



CORINNE CALVET  
Satisfaction in Hollywood.



ZSA ZSA GABOR  
Conversation in London.

# It's a matter of Opinion

Which is the tougher customer for a shooting man — a big rhino or a giant water buffalo coming at you like a cartridge of dynamite? Take your choice — it's a matter of opinion.



...but it's a Fact that Havoline is the best  
motor oil your money can buy



Your car may be fresh from the showroom or a veteran. Either way, Custom-Made Havoline is your *right* choice. In new cars, closer engine clearances demand a Heavy Duty motor oil. *And Havoline exceeds Heavy Duty requirements!*

In any car, this Heavy Duty motor oil means more gasoline mileage, more engine power, fewer repairs and longer engine life! Profitable reasons to start using Custom-Made Havoline today! See your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car ever had.*

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## PERSONALITY

MOST famous cinema stars have, at one time or another, placed their hands & feet in a block of wet cement in the courtyard of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, thereby receiving some desirable publicity and, after the cement has hardened, attaining a certain immortality. The only columnist who has been so honored is Louella Oettinger Parsons.

This is not surprising. Her movie column has sometimes been the object of abuse and ridicule, her radio voice is uncomfortably nervous and high-pitched, she herself has not always been the subject of affectionate comment, and many competitors, including that spectacularly be-hatted warrior, Hedda Hopper, have tried to beat her at her own game. But in 1952 Louella Parsons, after reigning over a quarter century, is still queen of the Hollywood gossip columnists. Her work appears daily in twelve Hearstapers and is syndicated in some 1,200 others throughout the world. She is held in awe, respect, esteem, fear or terror, as the case may be, by practically everyone in Hollywood who has any connection with motion pictures. Every producer, director and actor reads her column in the Los Angeles *Examiner* every morning, and each knows that all the others are reading it. That makes everybody happy. It also makes Louella a Very Important Person.

In her autobiography, *The Gay Illiterate*, she wrote that her first husband, John Parsons of Dixon, Ill., "knew of my ambition to write and urged me to study Thomas Hardy . . . Unfortunately, the exposure didn't take. Nothing of the Hardy style has ever seeped through my pronouncements."

She long ago developed a style all her own, as distinguishable as searchlights at a Hollywood première. She has a real talent for using a cliché in precisely the right place, she never avoids phrases like "the reason is because" unless it is impossible not to do so, and she likes her infinitives split. Louella is aware of these oddities and will talk about them frankly, explaining that she types so badly that it is difficult to read what she has written, and when she dictates, she does so at a terrific pace. The result is a chatty, intimate, informal, verbose and, on the whole, knowledgeable hodgepodge.

MANY people have tried to explain the extraordinary success of Louella Parsons. The story has gone the rounds for years that, as she puts it in her autobiography, she was "supposed to know something"—presumably about her boss, William Randolph Hearst, whom she steadfastly revered through the 29 years she worked for him. Careful research has still to uncover any evidence to support this legend.

The Parsons success may be attributed to a combination of circumstances. She wrote her first movie column for the Chicago *Record-Herald* in 1914. She enriched her experience by working for three years on the *Morning Telegraph*, a New York racing and theater sheet, and then, starting in 1922, for Hearst's *New York American*. Her husband had died, and she was supporting their young daughter Harriet, who is now a producer in Hollywood. Her first big break came when she fell ill of tuberculosis and Hearst shipped her to recuperate, on full salary, to an unknown California town called Palm Springs. When she went back to work a year later, Hearst ordered her to stay on in Hollywood, and his paper began syndicating her column. Louella was on her way.

Even those who have been most malicious in their talk about Louella Parsons admit that her love for The Industry is deep and real; and now that she has reached the stature of Mother Superior in the business, she has assumed a more benign air toward those she is writing about.

In 1930 she married Dr. Harry Watson Martin—"Docky" to her—a convivial and gregarious Irishman whom she adored for 21 years until his death last year. He never told her he had been suffering from cancer for five years.

Now about 60, her figure more svelte than it has been for a long time, Louella still arrives at all parties late, looks vaguely around her, and never misses a trick. She still puts her heart, her soul, and most of her waking hours into her work. Her day begins between 8 and 9 a.m., in her expensively furnished house on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. After coffee and a walk with her two tempestuous cockers, Jimmy and Woody (named for Woodbury soap, a former sponsor of a Parsons radio program), she proceeds to her office on the second floor of her house, about 15 paces down a carpeted hall from her bedroom. Working space consists of two rooms large enough for Louella, her handsome assistant Dorothy Manners and two secretaries. The daily bedlam lasts for five or six hours. At least one of the three telephone lines is always busy (Miss Parsons has two ivory sets beside her bed for emergency scoops), and sometimes all three ring at once. It might be a collect call from a tipster in New York with hot news from the marriage bureau, it might be a big producer with an "exclusive," or it might be an enraged victim of the morning's column. When no one is calling Louella, she is calling someone. By the time lunch is brought up to the slacks-clad staff on trays, her hair is awry, her reading spectacles have slipped down to the end of her nose, and her desk is even more cluttered, if possible, than it was at 9 o'clock. Around 3, her No. 1 secretary, Dorothy May, who shares her pine-paneled inner office, opens the teletype in the corner and sends down to the *Examiner* the column that will hit the nation's press 48 hours later. Then Louella takes a nap.



LOUELLA PARSONS

AS befits a queen, Louella sees most of the top-ranking new pictures on a projector in her house (a practice deplored by audience-conscious producers), and interviews rising screen luminaries in her own drawing room or her well-stocked bar. But these are run-of-the-mine chores. What excites her to a feverish flutter at any hour is a scoop. "Movie scoops," she has written, "have been, and still are to me, the breath of my job." They are also a pain in the neck to everyone concerned if Louella doesn't get them. When that happens, there is first a prolonged and sometimes bitter telephone call to the culprit, with studio publicity men receiving special attention. In the old days, Louella recalls, "I used to cuss so badly I had to mention it at Confession." The next step might be a rebuke in her column or, in extreme cases, reprisal.

When explosive Shelley Winters not long ago denied to Louella that she was planning to marry her well-advertised Italian boy friend and then married him that very day, Miss Winters drew down a number of uncomplimentary Parsonsisms on her figure and her social graces. Once, because of a misunderstanding, Dorothy Lamour was banished from the column for a year. There have been feuds with Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Cagney and many others. With one exception, they did not last. (The exception is Orson Welles, whom she still has not forgiven for satirizing Hearst in his movie, *Citizen Kane*.)

Louella is a loyal and sympathetic friend, and both qualities are frequently put to the test by the stresses & strains of Hollywood domesticity. Of one marriage which had broken up after exactly 30 days, she managed to observe: "I will say for Barbara [Ford] that she tried very hard."

Like a marriage truly made in heaven, Louella and Hollywood seem to have been made for each other, and each is almost unimaginable without the other. So much so that it seemed like another Parsons redundancy when she inscribed in her square of cement outside Grauman's Chinese Theater the two sentences she always uses to sign off her column: "That's all today. See you tomorrow."

# THE PRESS

## Cartoon of the Week

The *New Yorker* last week cast a monocled glance at General MacArthur's new \$100,000-a-year job (TIME, Aug. 11). Cartoonist David Snell sketched an office door marked "Chairman of the Board, Remington Rand, Inc." On the knob hung a sign: OUT TO LUNCH, I SHALL RETURN.

## Monkey Business

In a letter to the *Washington Post*, a reader last week offered the latest explanation of flying saucers: "The sky over the United States is saturated with TV waves from all over the country which get scrambled together . . . Occasionally waves of the same frequency from Gorgeous George's torso get jammed between those from Faye Emerson's neckline and those from the profile of Miss America. When that happens . . . it makes the masculons and the femitrons in the stratosphere fly off on tangents in all directions at high speeds—hence flying saucers. They are just electronic illusions caused by the monkey business that goes on in TV studios."

## Winchell's Revenge

The motives that move Columnist Walter Winchell's wormlike thrusts are mysterious to those who feel the pressure of his vermiform "journalism." Of late weeks, he has been relentlessly worming away at a little-known Manhattan restaurant called Chandler's. According to Winchell, the place is a "gyp joint" run by gougers and chislers. Stork Clubber Winchell has never been seen in Chandler's himself, but in the past three weeks he has extruded no less than twelve items, even repeating one attack three times. Last week Chandler's owners retorted with a

\$1,000,000 libel suit against Winchell, the Hearst Corp. and King Features, which distributes his column.

**What Was It All About?** Those familiar with Winchell's vindictive memory and oblique methods of revenge had no trouble guessing that his real target was not Chandler's but its unctuous disk jockey, Barry Gray, 36, whose name Winchell never mentions in the attacks. Gray, who mixes only an infrequent record with his pretentious, long-winded, post-midnight "discussion program," broadcast by Manhattan's WMCA, committed an unpardonable sin last year. He turned his microphone over to New York *Daily News* Columnist Ed Sullivan for an hour-long scathing attack on Winchell (TIME, Jan. 7). Those who knew Winchell waited to see how soon he would turn on upstart Disk Jockey Gray.

Late last month Winchell got his chance: Chandler's was named as one of 13 New York restaurants which the OPS accused of violating price ceilings. Hearst's *Journal-American* TV Columnist Jack O'Brian lent Colleague Winchell a helping hand with thinly disguised items about a certain "fishface" disk jockey, whom he accused of every crime from welshing on his debts to collecting graft to finance a trip to Europe.

Gray hustled back from a European vacation and resumed his broadcasts nine days early. He announced that he was ready to reply to "rabbit punches and low blows" from anyone. However, it was not Winchell but another Hearst columnist, the *Journal-American's* Frank Conniff, who first named Gray as the enemy. Wrote Conniff: "We say to these press agents and producers and personalities who give their support to Mr. Gray: 'That's just dandy. But surely don't be surprised if we here at the *Journal-American* invite you to keep getting your plugs from him, and not to expect very much from us. Mr. Gray is hot, red-hot, and he is all yours.'" Snapped back Gray: "Thinly veiled blackmail."

At week's end, Winchell quoted one of O'Brian's columns to pose a question to his readers: "One disk jockey so far hasn't discussed the fact that he wrote for the *Daily Worker* under a nom de Commie." Winchell had no intention of giving away a hot scoop like that by mentioning a name. The description fit nothing known about Gray, but if readers wanted to think Winchell and O'Brian were talking about Gray, it was apparently all right with them.

## A Radical Change

Not even Germany's surrender in World War II made Page One in Britain's *Manchester Guardian*—for the good reason that in all its 131 years, the *Guardian's* front page has carried nothing but classified ads. Last week 43-year-old Laurence P. Scott, the *Guardian's* managing director and chairman, announced that, beginning this fall, the paper will print news on the front page, leaving the venerable Lon-



WALTER WINCHELL  
Helping hands.

don *Times* the only British daily still façaded by ads. Since two-thirds of the *Guardian's* total circulation (127,083) is now outside Manchester (9% of it in the U.S.), Scott wanted to make the paper look "less parochial," give it a better showing on British newsstands.

## Exit an Old Romant

Dean of U.S. political columnists for two decades, Mark Sullivan of the *New York Herald Tribune* was a durable fixture, weathering all upheavals. Austerely pink-faced in high Hoover-esque collar and pinch-nose glasses, he looked as staunchly conservative as his columns sounded. Since Sullivan had won his first fame as a muckraking, trust-walloping liberal, friends sometimes chided him for changing his views. "I haven't changed," Sullivan would reply with gentle dignity. "The world changed."

**The Vanishing Buffalo.** The world did indeed change in Mark Sullivan's lifetime. The tenth child of Irish Catholics who fled the Great Potato Famine of 1847, he was born in 1874 on their farm in Avondale, Pa. At 17 he marched into a daily newspaper office in nearby West Chester and landed a job as a reporter. In two years he had saved \$150, bought a half-interest in a nearby daily, and prospered. He decided that he needed more education, and sold out his share for \$5,500 to pay his way through Harvard College and Law School. On the side he wrote for the *Boston Transcript*. He had such a passion for accuracy that, before writing an article on the vanishing buffalo, he spent three months finding out exactly how many buffalo then survived (his finding: 1,024).

Sullivan forsook the law in 1904 when, outraged at the quackery of patent medicines, he wrote a *Collier's* article that helped create a national furore, and along with a mighty push from Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, forced Congress to pass the



ROY STEVENS

BARRY GRAY  
Rabbit punches.

*[Advertisement.]*

## Science reveals new ingredient for easy shaves

**Wonderful substance outdoes lanolin, makes beard softer, lubricates, protects skin—**

**and is available now**

For years science has searched for a way to provide a shaving preparation that would enable water to soak into the beard better than soap does and at the same time have a soothing effect on the skin—a characteristic not present in most shaving soaps.

Chemists at The J. B. Williams Co. knew that lanolin would soothe—but lanolin also prevented the very "soaking power" that makes beards easier to shave.

### **Advantages of Extract of Lanolin**

So we asked: Would "Extract of Lanolin" provide both benefits? Actually, it provides the soothing power of lanolin, concentrated 25 times. And can also increase the water penetration essential in wet shaving. It does this by penetrating the waxy coating of the skin because it is a natural product closely resembling the composition of the skin surface fat.

#### **How it works**

"Extract of Lanolin," due to its surface-active nature, actually tends to penetrate the pores and recesses of the skin—providing the following beneficial effects:

1. Whiskers become wet, easier to shave.
2. It acts as a lubricant for the razor, helping prevent abrasion, "razor burn," by reducing friction to a minimum.
3. It leaves the skin with more of the protective natural oils. This protective skin-coating is not "shaved away."

We asked dermatologists how they felt about Extract of Lanolin in shaving creams. 90% approved with enthusiasm.

#### **Result: a superior product**

As a result of our findings, The J. B. Williams Company is now offering our Luxury Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin."

We don't wish to make extravagant claims; but we do say that our shaving preparation, through qualities made possible by inclusion of "Extract of Lanolin," will cut to a minimum the skin irritation due to shaving. We're so sure, in fact, that we make you this FREE offer:

Just send us your name and address and we will give you a free guest-size tube of Williams Luxury Lather Shaving Cream with "Extract of Lanolin," enough for 3 weeks' trial. Write: **The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. TG-5, Glastonbury, Conn.** (Offer good only in U. S. A. and Canada.)

Pure Food & Drug Act. *Collier's*, then a leading muckraking magazine, hired Sullivan as a regular contributor and sent him to Washington, where he became such a crony of Teddy Roosevelt's that the President used to let him use his Virginia retreat during the summer. Soon Sullivan was editor of *Collier's*.

**The Curious Druggist.** At World War I's end, the New York *Times*'s Washington pundit, Arthur Krock, persuaded his friend Sullivan that the time was ripe for a Washington political column. Sullivan tried the *New York Evening Post* before finally settled down with the *Herald Tribune* (then the *Tribune*).

Gradually his writings grew more conservative, but three qualities remained constant: lucidity, fairness, and logical argument. To a young cub admirer, Sullivan explained his aim: "I write my columns with a mythical drugstore owner in Oklahoma in mind. I imagine that I have stopped in to get a soda and that I am sitting at the counter talking to the proprietor. He is interested in national events and so am I. And it is up to me to make things clear so that my friend across the counter cannot possibly misunderstand."

When Herbert Hoover became President, he made Sullivan a member of his "medicine-hall Cabinet," often took him fishing at his Rapidan Camp, and gave him many exclusive stories. To colleagues who suggested that this intimacy might undermine his objectivity, Sullivan replied: "I don't drop a man just because he becomes President." Neither did he take a man up for that reason. Sullivan could find little in Roosevelt's New Deal to please him. When potato planting was restricted in 1935, Sullivan announced that he would ignore the law and plant all the potatoes he wanted on his Avondale farm. At his next press conference, F.D.R. smiled: "Mark Sullivan needn't be afraid . . . I'll write out a pardon and sign it, and keep it right here in this desk." Sullivan liked nothing better than to talk with fellow newsmen who disagreed with him. If they made what he thought a telling point, he gave them their due by crying: "First rate! First rate!"

Between columns, he wrote *Our Times*, a six-volume history of the U.S. from 1900 to 1925 that became an inexhaustible source book for historians. "The purpose of this narrative," he wrote in the history, "is to follow an average American through this quarter-century of his country's history." As careful a historian as he was a scrupulous reporter, he demanded so galley proofs of each section of the book, sent one to everybody he had mentioned for comments and criticisms.

**Parable of the Skunk.** He liked to explain his own political views in a parable: "The skunk is, in a fine sense, the most gentlemanly of animals . . . He interferes with no one, and only demands that no one interfere with him . . . A nation made up of skunks would be an ideal society. Every individual would have absolute respect, because each would be able to enforce respect for himself . . . No one would claim to be underprivileged, and



MARK SULLIVAN

After three months, 1,024 buffalo.

were to anyone who would assert underprivilege. Woe likewise to any group that would try to set up a controlling caste . . .

Five years ago ailing Mark Sullivan retired to his Avondale farm. Doctors told him to take it easy. He drank quarts of carrot juice in the hope of improving his failing sight, had his secretary read newspapers to him, and listened to radio news day & night. Twice a week he dictated his *Herald Tribune* column, which was syndicated in papers all over the U.S. Last week he wrote his last column, expressing the belief that both Eisenhower and Stevenson would pass up the temptation for "class appeal" and "give priority to the national interest." Three days later, at 77, death came to Mark Sullivan. The liberal *Washington Post*, which seldom saw eye to eye with him, saluted him thus: "He had countless friends in both major parties and throughout the Washington press corps . . . He will long be remembered as one of the great reporters of a fascinating age."

#### **Eh?**

Journalists, whose job is to communicate, look down on the long-haired boys who simply want to express themselves. But occasionally the disciplines of clarity talk with their mouths full. Two examples from last week's newspapers:

¶ **New York Times** Pundit Arthur Krock (on Truman's failure to make public his White House invitation to Eisenhower—see NATIONAL AFFAIRS): "The third mistake was not to make this announcement immediately after it was omitted."

¶ **Herald Tribune** Sport Reporter Al Laney, reporting how Herbert Flam stood up to Australian Frank Sedgman's serve: "This includes one game in which he missed altogether and lost at it and another in which he hit only twice but still won. And it is wonderfully consistent serving."

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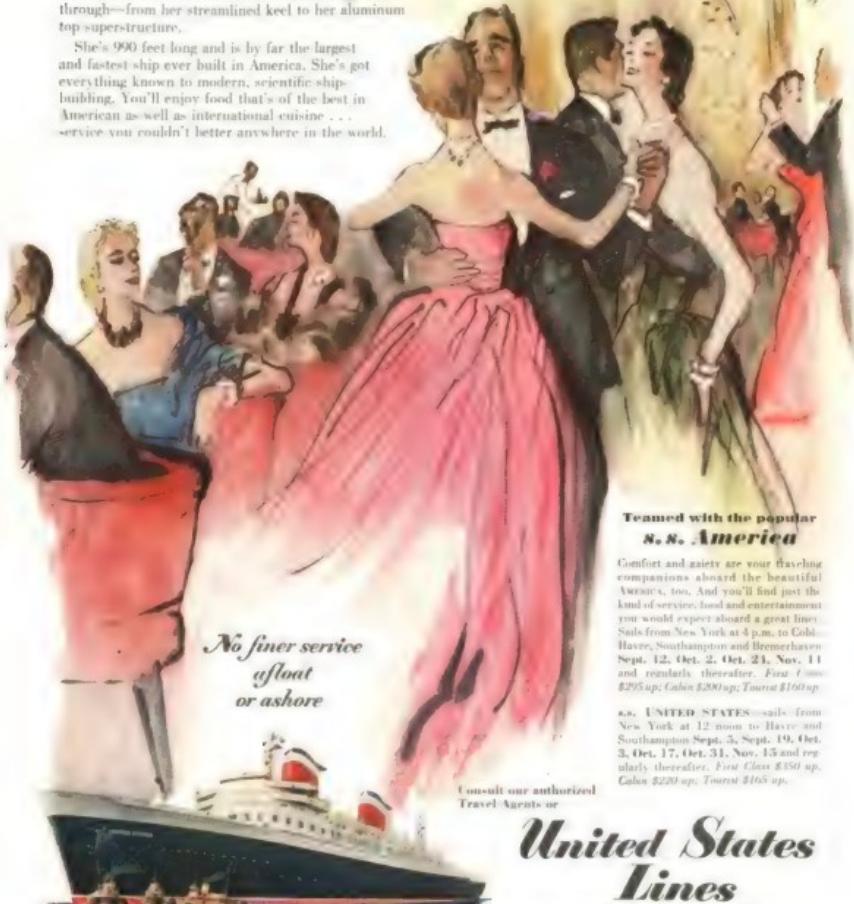
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## EDUCATION

### Are You Emb-b-b-barrassed?

The citizens of Charlottesville, Va., were a bit disconcerted at first. It was hard to know what to say when a child rang the doorbell and asked: "Are you emb-b-barrassed when you t-t-talk t-t-to a stutterer?" But by last week, Charlottesville had grown used to the question. It was all part of a special treatment, prescribed by the nearby Woodrow Wilson Speech Camp at the University of Virginia.

In its four summers of existence, the camp has brought new hope to scores of afflicted youngsters. Today they come from all over the state. Some are deaf; some have cleft palates. Some stutter so badly that they have to wave their arms, stamp their feet or fall to the floor before they can speak. One boy's vocal cords had been seared with acid. A 17-year-old farm boy had grown so afraid of speaking that he insisted on writing everything.

Director Ben Andrews, a stammerer himself, offers no one treatment for all cases. For plain stammering, some 20 types of treatment are used in the U.S., but none ever cures the defect entirely. Andrews' aim is limited: to remove the fear of stammering, then reduce the amount.

To remove the fear, Director Andrews and his 15-man staff have their work cut out for them. They point out that even a normal person stumbles or hesitates in his speech at the rate of five to eight times a minute, that the worst thing a stammerer can do is to try to hide his defect. Stammerers are encouraged to read aloud, to exaggerate their stammer, joke about it. Each summer they are sent out to talk to at least 200 strangers. They keep notes on how those strangers react, and are amazed to find that only one in 100 would ever dream of ridiculing them. As their fear melts away, the stammerers relax and begin to face their handicap.

For other speech defects, the camp takes sterner measures. Some children, unable to pronounce certain consonants, sound as if they were still talking baby talk. Such children are often unaware of their own faulty articulation. They must be carefully drilled in different sounds, listen to recordings of their own voices, practice lists of nonsense syllables in front of the mirror.

Last week, as camp broke up, Director Andrews had one last assignment for his 52 charges. When each gets back to his regular school, he is to give a speech before his class called "My summer at speech camp." As far as Director Andrews knows, not one of his pupils has yet balked.

### New Spirit in France

Right from grade one the French believe in making schoolchildren work hard. At nine, a French child is already being stuffed with Chateaubriand and Rousseau; he parses sentences from Hugo and learns all about the Edict of Nantes. At 14, he must begin to dip (in English) into the works of Swift and Poe. By the time he

gets to his "*baccauluréat*" exam, he must know his Tacitus and answer such questions as "What did P. A. Touchard mean when he said of Montaigne: 'Before everything and despite everything, Montaigne is alive'?"

Many a French educator has begun to regard this curriculum as lopsided—a holdover from the days when most students were of the wealthy and professional classes. In stuffy, stagnant classrooms, teachers have paid little attention to the individual student, treating them all as so many minds to be crammed for the dreaded "*baccauluréat*." And each year, as many as 60% of their pupils have flunked the exam.

Last week the Ministry of National Education was ready with a sweeping

favor of class projects, manual training, undergraduate magazines and newspapers.

By last week, France felt that it had gone a long way in sweeping some of the cobwebs out of the classroom. But that did not mean that the traditional curriculum was being thrown out entirely. After all, said one ministry official, "we can't go too far. We can't have children leaving school without proper knowledge. But we can change the spirit in which they acquire that knowledge."

### Report Card

¶ The regents of the University of Wisconsin issued an ultimatum to all undergraduate organizations: no racial discrimination. Joker: the ultimatum's deadline is July 1960.

¶ Ohio Northern University, feeling a "distinct responsibility," announced plans for placing its entire faculty at the service



Pictures Inc.

FRENCH SCHOOLCHILDREN  
"What did P. A. Touchard mean . . . ?"

new plan: next fall the schools will begin to have a new atmosphere. Since 1945, France has been experimenting with special "*classes nouvelles*." These have proved so successful that the ministry is extending their methods throughout the secondary schools.

The whole idea of the *classe nouvelle*, each limited to 30 students, is to tailor education to the abilities of the individual. Teachers supervise every child, hold private talks with him, then with his parents. For the first time, a full psychological dossier, carefully noting his outstanding talents and troubles, is kept on each pupil.

Instead of merely assigning students big swatches out of textbooks, the *classe nouvelle* first teaches them how to study: how to use a dictionary, take notes, boil material down to essentials. Trying to breathe new life into old subjects, teachers organize field trips to museums, factories, galleries. Homework is reduced in

of its new Project A: "Investigation of Phenomena"—i.e., flying saucers.

¶ Recalling his days as headmaster of Andover in the September *Atlantic Monthly*, Claude M. Fuess (rhymes with peas) had some tales to tell of visiting clergymen and their sermons: "The patience of a schoolboy congregation is often sorely tried. One winter three successive clergymen took as their theme the parable of the Prodigal Son. Again, three visiting clergymen in a row ended their sermons with a stereotyped quotation from Sir Henry Newbolt, beginning, 'There's a breathless hush in the close tonight,' and concluding dramatically, 'Play up! play up! and play the game!' . . . On one painful morning a clergymen of national reputation preached a sermon identical in text and argument with that used by an eminent divine the week before. A little Sherlock Holmes investigation disclosed the unfortunate fact that both were 'canned' sermons, evidently from the same source."

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## SCIENCE

### Big Heart

Through the rough seas running off Clark's Point, Alaska, a small skiff put out. It carried a heart specialist and his assistants, but they were not on an errand of mercy. Curiosity—the kind of curiosity that kills cats for science—led them on. They were looking for a whale; they wanted to feel its pulse.

They found what they were looking for in the shallows of Nushagak Bay—a small (one-ton) beluga whale, come in to feed on salmon. It was not the first whale which had shied away from their "stethoscope": in earlier efforts the hunters had been unsuccessful. This time a husky cannery worker got a good grip on the patient: he drove home a pair of brass-headed harpoons wired to a portable electrocardiograph.

The whale was wildly uncooperative. It thrashed about the bay for an hour while the doctor clung to the gunwale. Amidships, a cardiograph expert crouched over his instrument and worked desperately with the controls. Somehow he managed to get a two-minute record of the plunging whale's heartbeats. The spray-drenched scientists went happily away, clutching the first such record in medical history.

The strange experiment started in 1917, in Boston, when Dr. Paul Dudley White bought a preserved whale heart from an old sea captain. Like other heart specialists, Dr. White had learned to doubt some of his own diagnoses. Symptoms of disease in smaller human hearts, he suspected, might well be signs of health in larger, slow-beating organs. To test his theories, Dr. White began to study the hearts of mammals larger than man. As medical examiner for Boston's Franklin Park Zoo, he dissected the heart of a dead elephant. Later, he took electrocardiograms of docile circus elephants. But Dr. White was not satisfied. He wanted to measure the heartbeat of a whale, the largest mammal of all.

Early this month, with the help of a Seattle heart specialist, Dr. Robert L. King, the adventurous physician got his electrocardiogram. Back again in Boston last week, 66-year-old Dr. White explained that the Alaskan expedition was only a beginning. Now that the equipment has been tested, he wants to try it on even larger whales.

### Man v. Insects

In his fierce, unending war against the insects, man is getting exactly nowhere. There may be as many as 2,500,000 species of insects infesting the world, and in the U.S. alone about 10,000 of them are public enemies. Night & day they gnaw at crops, bore into homes and warehouses, attack men and animals.

In its yearbook for 1952, published this week (*Insects, U.S. Government Printing Office: \$2.50*), the Department of Agriculture carries a gloomy bulletin on the war. "Although the science of entomology

has made great progress in the last two decades," reports Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, "the problems caused by insects seem to be bigger than ever. We have more insect pests, although we have better insecticides to use against them and better ways to fight them." Insect pests have already survived for 250 million years. And for all man's relentless ingenuity, says the yearbook, "no species of insect has disappeared from the earth because of man's activities . . .".

In suburban Chicago last week, heavy rains drove black swarms of crickets from field and garden. Millions of the inch-long insects oozed over the streets and hopped into homes and office buildings. Restaurants closed in the face of the invasion; a



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Pi

PUBLIC ENEMY  
Chicagoans shared their homes.

few all-night filling stations kept their driveways clear by flushing the insects down the sewer with hoses.

Local entomologists were not much help. They could only identify the insects as relatively harmless field crickets (*Gryllus assimilis*), not half as ravenous as the grasshoppers that frequently devastate vast acres of crops. There are a few insecticides that might do some good, said the hesitant bug men. But chemists, they admitted, have concentrated on more vicious pests and have not yet bothered to develop cricket killers.

It is mating season now, said Henry S. Dylas, assistant curator at Chicago's Natural History Museum. The crickets are enjoying a "middle-aged fling." Chlordane sprayed on floors, foundations and walls every seven days until the first frost might bring them under control. But until colder weather, many Chicagoans will continue to share their homes with crickets. And, in lieu of their preferred diet of grass and grain, the crickets will continue to chew on the lace curtains and starched clothing of their helpless hosts.



## 9 A.M. .... the morning after!

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# RELIGION



CANDLELIGHT CEREMONY AT NOTRE DAME CONGRESS  
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M. Bruce Marion

## Words of the Week

"I have often thought, I hope not heretically, that humility, even more than charity, is the distinguishing mark of the Christian. Charity, in the sense of benevolence, may spring from many sources. Humility is, in my experience, almost inseparable from a Christian conception of the relationship between God and man. For by humility I do not mean a neurotic self-contempt or self-distrust, though there are forms of Christian, as of non-Christian, neurosis. The Christian realizes, on the one hand, that he is worthless apart from God; but on the other, that, as a child of God, he is infinitely precious, and dear to his Father. He appreciates the tremendous responsibility for action cast on him by the gift of life . . ."

—Lord Fakenham<sup>6</sup> in *The Spectator*

## Religious and American

The 30 million U.S. Roman Catholics make up only 8% of the world's Catholic population, but they are the free-money mainstay of the Vatican's finances: they also provide nearly 20% of the world membership in Catholic religious communities. Last week, on the lakeside campus of the University of Notre Dame, at South Bend, Ind., 1,978 superiors and other officials of religious orders in the U.S. gathered for four days in the largest congress of religious orders in the church's history. They represented a total of 157,000 nuns, 44,000 priests and 8,000 lay brothers.

The Pope's personal representative, Monsignor Arcadio Larraona, Secretary of the Vatican's Congregation of Reli-

gious, set the tone: "Our gathering is a congress which is both genuinely religious and typically American." The overtones of the convention were simon-pure American, down to name badges for the delegates, a humorously written guide book, and a meeting place in a vast, Quonset-type building draped with U.S. flags and the Notre Dame college colors. Although there was no doubt the basic orthodoxy of the delegates' theology, some of the sentiments expressed would have sounded odd in conservative quarters of the Vatican, and downright heretical in Cardinal Segura's Seville (*see below*).

**A Democratic Manner.** All the delegates were concerned with the problems of "religious obedience," i.e., how to adapt centuries-old monastic rules to the practical governance of modern young Americans. Said Villanova College's Father Robert E. Regan, O.S.A.: "We are, in a rather deep and distinctive fashion, a freedom-loving and liberty-loving people . . . The average young man candidate for the religious life . . . has been raised in a climate of independence—political, civil and, to a rather large degree, domestic . . . Is it asking too much that American religious superiors out of deference to the American temperament, approach the matter of the exercise of their authority in a kind of democratic manner?"

There were arguments pro & con over who helps the church more—the active priest or the contemplative. Said the Right Rev. M. James Fox, Abbot of the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemani, in Kentucky,<sup>7</sup> whose monks take a vow never to speak. "Silence does not lock the soul in a prison . . . Silence

merely gives you a heart filled with Jesus." Counterpoint Dom Alred Graham, a Benedictine who writes and teaches. "It is possible to do more good and lose nothing of contemplation by creative and more active work for society."

**Modern Comforts.** Other topics on the agenda: whether religious should use sleeping cars or sit-up coach seats for long rail trips, whether novices in religious houses should be allowed to look at the outer world on television. Before one of the sisters' discussion sessions, it was discovered that a priest was to address them on the subject of modern comforts and conveniences. Up rose a seven-member nuns' committee to protest. Said Mother Mary Gerald, O.P., "Why should any man tell us about our comforts and conveniences?" Four nuns were hastily scheduled to speak in the priest's place.

Late Tuesday evening, in token of their unity, more than 2,000 delegates and clerical visitors marched slowly, four abreast, bearing candles to the grotto of the Blessed Virgin on the campus. There they chanted the rosary and the litanies of the church to bring the conference to a peaceful end. Said Father Larraona, pleased, "I return to the Vatican with a warm sense of gratitude. I will have many fine things to tell the Holy Father."

## Trailer Evangelists

One June day last year, two Mennonite lay missionaries set out from their homes in Virginia as traveling evangelists. Lawrence Brunk and his brother George, a professor of Bible studies at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Va., had pooled their resources (mainly \$35,000 which Lawrence had made on his chicken farm). They bought a tent big enough to seat 1,500 people, a truck to carry it and a trailer for Lawrence, his wife and three children to live in.

This week, after 14 months of evangel-



<sup>6</sup> First Lord of the Admiralty in Britain's last Labor government, and a leading Roman Catholic layman.

<sup>7</sup> Most famed resident (and most garrulous in print): Thomas Merton (author of *Seven Storey Mountain*, etc.)

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izing through the U.S. and Canada, the Brunks are preaching the word in Goshen, Ind., to crowds of nearly 3,000 a night. At their previous stop, Waterloo, Ont., attendance was even larger: 105,000 during four weeks of steady preaching (including 1,500 who made formal "decisions for Christ"). Local Canadian pastors were so pleased with the results that some canceled their own services to let their congregations hear the Brunks preach.

**Elect for Christ.** The Brunk brothers have been having that kind of success almost from the day they started. Neither had ever done much preaching, but both had been thinking hard about it. And they were sure that their audiences would not forget them easily: George, 40, weighs 240 lbs. and stands 6 ft. 4½ in.; Lawrence, five years younger, is an inch taller and weighs 200 lbs.

At their first meeting in Lancaster, Pa., Lawrence led the singing and George gave his maiden sermon, a vigorous appeal to elect for Christ and escape damnation, a topic which Mennonites have always stressed. The first night more than 2,000 jammed their way into the tent. Dozens were converted. Before the week was out, the Brunks had to order a new tent.

As they moved on through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Tennessee and Florida, their crowds grew in size, and so did their equipment. When George's family joined Lawrence's on the road, the Brunk caravan swelled to three trailers and two more tents, the largest built to shelter 6,000. They also bought a small airplane which George pilots to reconnoiter future camp sites.

Finances were no problem. As George Brunk explained, "There are plenty of moneymen everywhere we've been who want to see our work go on." Preaching seven times a week, they give their audiences a combination of good hymn singing and long, satisfying sermons ("We do not preach sermonettes"). Said Preacher George, "We preach a fundamental brand of religion, but we aren't fundamentalists. We aren't modernists, either. You don't have to be one or the other."

**One Will Be Taken . . .** At their last big service in Waterloo, Lawrence, as usual, led the congregation in a series of old-time hymns, interspersed with short, humorous monologues. After the tent was filled, George got up to preach, wearing no tie and a suit with no lapels (in accord with old Mennonite custom). By the time he wound up his hour-long sermon, the audience had caught his enthusiasm.

"On the resurrection day," he shouted warningly, "the graves will open, and all the saved will move right up into heaven. On that day, the Bible says, two shall be grinding grain. One will be taken and one will be . . .

" . . . left!" chorused his listeners.

"Two shall be in bed together, and one shall be taken and one shall be . . ."

" . . . left!" roared the congregation again.

After the meeting, in answer to George's appeal, a straggling row of converts walked up the center aisle. By midnight the



Associated Press  
**CARDINAL SEGURA**  
Real pain.

Brunk brothers, helped by a 100-man volunteer crew, had packed their tents and other equipment into their trailers and a huge van. Then they headed their caravan for the next stand.

**One Century's Saint . . .**

It has been said of Pedro Cardinal Segura y Sáenz, Archbishop of Seville, that in the 15th century he would have been counted a saint. In the 20th, he is regarded as somewhat old-fashioned—not to say reactionary. Last week Cardinal Segura again expressed annoyance at Generalissimo Francisco Franco's government for allowing limited religious toleration of non-Catholics. In a pastoral letter, he took issue with the "bill of rights" which the Spanish government enacted in 1945. This recognizes Roman Catholicism as Spain's official religion, but allows non-Catholics to practice their faith in private.

Cardinal Segura fears that Protestants might take advantage of loopholes in the bill of rights to proselytize for their religion; such activity is not expressly forbidden. He would like Spain's government to reaffirm the 1851 concordat—abrogated in 1931 by the Spanish Republic—which pledges the state to assist the Catholic bishops, "especially when they are compelled to oppose the wickedness of men who are attempting to pervert the souls of the faithful and to corrupt their morals . . ." This, by Cardinal Segura's definition, would include any airing of Protestant ideas or any Protestant worship for Spaniards. (Protestantism has shown slight gains recently, partly because some members of the opposition have chosen this means of registering a reaction against both the government and the established church.) Wrote the cardinal: "It causes one real pain to see the tolerance shown toward non-Catholic sects among us and the indifference of the Catholics toward this question."

# THE THEATER

## What's Wrong on Broadway

To be a persistent playgoer in Manhattan, a man must really love the theater. If he wants to see a hit play on Broadway, he is likely to be insulted by the box-office attendant, scalped by a ticket broker, upstaged by the usher and snarled at by a fireman. He will find no place under his seat to park his hat, he must refrain from smoking, and, if he wants a drink between acts, he must fight his way through the crowds and buy it somewhere down the street.

These nightly forfeits paid by New York theatergoers may partly explain why Broadway has only ten shows currently playing (see below), while London has 37. One expert who sees the point is Howard S. Cullman, invertebrate first-nighter, chairman of the New York Port Authority, and one of Broadway's archangels. Last week Playgoer Cullman suggested that New York's City Council change some of its antiquated laws.

Manhattan has not had a new theater, Cullman noted, since 1927. For the past two years the City Council has studied the possibilities, but has done nothing about revising the building code to permit theaters in office and apartment buildings. Not only would this cut down real-estate overhead, but with present building methods such a theater would be "as safe as Gimbel's basement."

Getting into a theater should not be such an expensive chore. "Try to get a decent location in a hit show at the box office. It cannot be done. It has driven hundreds of thousands of individuals away from the theater who will not patronize black markets and are not on an expense account." For the Department of Licenses to allow "200,000 to 300,000 house seats from theater owners per annum to get into the hands of special brokers . . . makes no sense. Obviously these are the best seats."

Once inside the theater, the customer should find it "a place of amusement and relaxation." Smoking? "It is ridiculous that we can smoke in most of the motion-picture theaters and in all of the night-clubs, but one is treated as a pyromaniac when he lights a cigarette in a theater . . ."

Another suggested help to overhead and audience happiness: a bar in the theater. Said Cullman: "Half the delight of the London theater is getting a good Scotch that helps a bad show."

## Broadway's (Only) Ten

SOUTH PACIFIC (Since April 1949)  
GUYS AND DOLLS (Since November 1950)  
THE MOON IS BLUE (Since March 1951)  
THE KING AND I (Since March 1951)  
THE FOURPOSTER (Since October 1951)  
POINT OF NO RETURN (Since December 1951)  
PAL JOY (Since January 1952)  
THE MALE ANIMAL (Since April 1952)  
NEW FACES OF 1952 (Since May 1952)  
WISH YOU WERE HERE (Since June 1952)

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# ART

## Mice in the Attic

Harry Truman, an enthusiastic amateur of U.S. history, gave out a gloomy report last week on the state of the White House furniture. In a letter to Junius B. Wood, an authority on antiques, Truman wrote:

"It is tragic what has happened to the wonderful old pieces of furniture which were bought by the early Presidents. Except for the Blue Room suite, there is not a single stick of that original furniture left. And the two clocks [the Minerva, in the Blue Room, and the Hannibal, in the Green Room], along with a number of clocks in the various bedrooms, are the only early pieces that are left . . ."

"I found four of Lincoln's Cabinet chairs in the attic of the Treasury Building, with parts of them broken and the upholstery mouse-eaten. I had them upholstered in the colors which were supposed to have been used in the Lincoln Cabinet Room. When the White House was renovated, the interior decorator re-upholstered these chairs in black, which should not have been done . . ."

"I've been told, although I have no documents to prove it, that one of the Presidents cleaned out the attic of the White House and had an auction on the Pennsylvania Avenue side, and scattered many wonderful antique pieces from one end of the country to the other . . ."

\* The putative auctioneer: Chester A. Arthur (1830-1886), who reportedly removed 24 carloads of furnishings during his term.

"It is like the chandeliers in the East Room. All three of the original chandeliers are down in the Capitol . . . I tried to get these chandeliers back and put them where they were before McKim, Mead & White and Teddy Roosevelt gave them away. I had the three monstrosities that replaced the beautiful chandeliers remodeled, and they do not look quite as terrible as they did before . . ."

"We have been slowly and gradually collecting samples of the chinaware and glassware with which the House was furnished. Monroe bought some very fine decanters and glasses to go with them—made of blue cut glass. Not a single piece of this purchase can be found anywhere . . . We have no samples of Monroe's chinaware."

## New Accessions

As contemporary paintings get less contemporary, U.S. museums are finding room on their walls for more & more of them. In Colorado Springs last week, the Fine Arts Center was showing its regular biennial loan exhibition, "New Accessions U.S.A.," made up of modern canvases acquired by 33 U.S. museums.

One of the most popular pictures at the show was Kenneth Davies' *Pocumtuck*, a ♂ Laurence Hoer, president of the James Monroe Memorial Foundation and great-great-grandson of Monroe, expressed surprise at this news. Said he last week: "If the Monroe cut-glass decanters are missing, they have been lost in recent years. I myself saw them in the White House as late as the Hoover Administration."

## PICTURE HOUSES

In the Bavarian Alps, house-painting is an ancient and honorable art. In 14th to 18th centuries, most buildings of any account were decorated with high, wide & handsome representations of saints (and, occasionally, sinners). These paintings, done in weatherproof fresco and retouched every 50 years or so, still make scores of Bavarian streets look like open-air picture galleries. Today the art of house-painting is experiencing a boom, thanks largely to the efficiency and skill of a Garmisch-Partenkirchen painter named Heinrich Bickel.

A stocky, dedicated little artist with an iron-grey mustache and invariably dressed in traditional Bavarian leather shorts, Bickel took up wall-painting when an antique dealer gave him the job of repainting a house to make it look old. In an 18th century manuscript, Bickel found a formula for fresco painting: mortar made half & half with fine sand and chalk, laid on white wash with five simple "earth" colors. Taking his style from the baroque masters (because they specialized in "free and large" art), he achieved such appealing results that he has been swamped with commissions ever since—and so have a number of other Bavarian fresco painters.

foot-the-eye, symbol-filled closet of everyday objects weirdly misplaced. Also on hand was Davies' quieter piece of realism, *The Bookcase*.

Others with noteworthy pictures:

- ¶ Ogden Pleissner, 47, one of the best-known U.S. realists: *The Rumparts, St. Malo* and *The Arno*, both examples of his regard for detail, color and mood.
- ¶ Ben Shahn, 53, "protest painter" whose expressionism packs a wallop: *Ave, Composition With Clarinets and Tin Horn, Epoch*.

- ¶ William Sanderson, 47, teacher of design at Denver University's School of Art: *Composition With Fried Egg*, a line-and-shadow oil of ranch hands at breakfast, typifying Sanderson's use of precise symmetrical design.

- ¶ Karl Knaths, 60, Cape Cod abstractionist: *The Moon*, an angular farmyard scene in grey and lavender, and *Salt Flats*, a seaside scene in blues and greens.

## Dauber

Camille Bombois had been a wrestler in sideshows. When he quit the muscle business to become a printer's helper, he took up painting as a hobby. Years later his bright, primitive paintings began to attract some mild attention in the Paris art world (TIME, Oct. 27, 1947). Most of his primitive-style pictures were laboriously modeled from photographs. But he peddled enough of them on street corners to give up his printing job and paint full-time.

In London last week, at an exhibition



SANDERSON'S "COMPOSITION WITH FRIED EGG"  
Also, seaside moods and a symbol-filled closet.



WALL-PAINTING IN GARMISCH-PARTENKIRCHEN, BAVARIA, WHERE FRESCO TRADITION DATES FROM 14TH CENTURY



NATIVITY BY HEINRICH BICKEL, ONE OF GARMISCH'S PRESENT-DAY FRESCO ARTISTS



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of French primitives. Bombois' pictures were getting most of the attention. He had sent a portrait, robust circus scenes, romantic riverscapes. His most talked-about painting was *Utrillo Kissing His Prayer Book*, which shows the famed painter in a white coat, clutching a black prayer book as he faces a wooden crucifix; in the background is a black, star-speckled sky. Most British critics had pleasant things to say about burly old (69) Bombois and his innocent simplicity. *Art News & Review*: "Bombois is the hero of this exhibition . . . [Utrillo] is an extraordinary piece of work, an uncomfortable tribute to the founder of topographical primitivism."

Of his twelve paintings on show, two were already sold (*Utrillo* went for £900).



Marlborough Fine Art, Ltd.  
BOMBOIS' "UTRILLO"  
The hero was puzzled.

Back in Paris, Camille Bombois was pleased but puzzled. Said he: "After all, I am just a *barbouilleur* [dauber], and there are lots of artists who paint better than I do . . ." One who heartily agreed with him was Painter Maurice Utrillo's peppery wife, Lucie Valore, who had seen Bombois' painting of her husband in a Paris gallery and sent Bombois an indignant protest: "The expression on Utrillo's face is too demoniacal, and you have painted his nose much too red . . ."

## Supermarket Gallery

The U.S. has too many painters but not enough galleries. Because of high gallery fees and commissions, the too-numerous painters have a hard time getting their pictures into the too-few galleries. Two young Minneapolis painters, Robert Kilbride and Byron Bradley, have thought of a way out. Along with five other young artists, they have opened the Art Collectors Club—a combination supermarket and lending library for pictures.

In a small three-room gallery in Minneapolis' dingy Bridge Square section, the A.C.C. sells oils for \$40 and \$50, watercolors from \$15 to \$25, drawings even lower. Pictures can be rented for \$1 a month, bought on the installment plan (\$5 down, \$5 a month). Total sales in nearly three months: about \$1,000.

## RADIO & TV

### Night & Day

CBS radio last week reported that housewives are apt to turn on their radios by day and save the TV set for the evenings, when the family gets together. In an advertising rate change that bore out this report, CBS radio announced a slash of some 20 to 30% on evening charges for its regular customers. Daytime rates would be boosted about 5%. The daytime boost brings CBS's rates back to where they were in 1951, when radio began to have doubts that it could outdraw TV in the morning and afternoon.

### Don't Be a Vombie!

In Silver Springs, Md., last week, listeners to radio station WGAY were surprised to hear two rival candidates for Congress in sweet agreement:

"This is Richard E. Lankford. Democrat."

"And this is Frank B. Small Jr., Republican."

"I disagree with Mr. Small on many political issues."

"And I disagree with Mr. Lankford."

Lankford: "But we both agree on one issue!"

Small: "To make democracy live!"

Lankford & Small (together): "Get out the vote in November!"

The little act was part of the *Register and Vote* campaign sponsored jointly by the American Heritage Foundation, the Advertising Council and the National Association of Radio & Television Broadcasters. The idea is to get out 63 million voters in November, 15 million more than in 1948. For those who can vote and don't, N.A.R.T.B. has thought up the ugly name "Vombie."

### Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 22, Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

#### RADIO

**NBC Summer Symphony** (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). Massimo Freccia conducts Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and Dvorak's *Symphony in G*.

**As Others See Us** (Sun. 9:45 p.m., ABC). Views on the U.S. by the BBC's and the Manchester *Guardian's* correspondent Alistair Cooke.

**The Asia Story** (Sun. noon, CBS). A new show dealing with the Far East. Guest of honor: Indonesia's ambassador to the U.N., Lambertus Palar.

#### TELEVISION

**All-Star Summer Review** (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Grace Hartman, the Bell Sisters, Slim Gaillard and the Hanneford Family.

**Information Please** (Sun. 9 p.m., CBS). M.C.: Clifton Fadiman. Guests: Burgess Meredith, Russel Crouse.

**Westinghouse Summer Theater** (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Edith Fellows and Hamish Menzies in *The Good Companions*.

## MORE POWER

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He stakes his life on U.S.-made rope

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"HORNNUSS" STRIKER & KILLERS AT WORK  
For the "World Series" winner, a silver-studded drinking horn.



Paul Senn, Bern

### BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

So many early-season games got rained out that doubleheaders—to make up for the washouts—are cramming the big-league schedules. In the National League, the Brooklyn Dodgers were sagging a trifle (10-16-4), but showed no signs of repeating their disastrous 1951 crackup. If Brooklyn keeps winning at the present clip, the New York Giants, trailing by 7½ games, can take the pennant only by winning 38 times in 43 tries. In the American League, the New York Yankees kept on taking the tough ones, thus kept a 1½-game edge on the Cleveland Indians. The league leaders at week's end:

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

Club: Brooklyn  
Pitcher: Roberts, Philadelphia (19-6)  
Batter: Musial, St. Louis (.326)  
Runs Batted In: Sauer, Chicago (99)  
Home Runs: Sauer, Chicago (31)

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Club: New York  
Pitcher: Shantz, Philadelphia (21-4)  
Batter: Fain, Philadelphia (.333)  
Runs Batted In: Doby, Cleveland (83)  
Home Runs: Doby, Cleveland (26)

### Stratosphere Pingpong

The most popular sport among German-speaking Swiss (about three-quarters of the country's people) is the ancient game of *Hornnuss* (from the German for "horne"). *Hornnuss* is a rough, hard-hitting mixture of golf, baseball, cricket and guided-missile warfare. Peaceful farmers summon up martial blood when they get playing *Hornnuss*; Swiss city folks sneer affectionately at the game as "stratosphere pingpong," but they turn out in droves to watch it played.

### SPORT

**Strikers & Killers.** Out of the Alps last week into the old town of Bern, fluttering with flags for the occasion, poured some 5,500 *Hornnusser*s with their wives, children and 21 freight-car loads of playing equipment. For the *Hornnuss* Federation's "World Series," the Swiss army cleared an auxiliary airfield in the suburbs, then partitioned it into 67 playing fields, each about 350 yards long and 50 yards wide. Part of the airfield became an amusement park full of merry-go-rounds, beer and milk bars, and brassy rural bands.

At sunrise one morning, led by flag-bearers, the rugged *Hornnusser*s, 264 teams in all, took to the battlefield. There, the 18-man teams paired off to face each other as "strikers" and "killers."

Up stepped Striker Paul Gruber, a hefty (6 ft. 2 in., 240 lbs.) farmer from Utzenstorf. He carried a murderous 10-ft. *Stecken*, a whippy hickory shaft with a heavy cylindrical head. Eyeing the small (diameter 2½ in.) hard-rubber disk perched on an elaborate tee made of two upcurving steel rails, Gruber took aim, lowered his stick twice, then drove with all his might. The *Hornnuss* buzzed off into the air.

The 18 killers, strung out along the field's narrow (10 yds.) "fair" lane, shouted at the disk's approach. Each wielded a hefty *Schindel*, a "tabletop" with a handle. As the *Hornnuss* zoomed within range, the killers, one by one, sent their *Schindel* spinning up, sometimes as high as 40 ft., to intercept it. The last killer in line, stationed a full 300 yards from Striker Gruber, finally brought the disk down. Gruber's team got 20 points. If the *Hornnuss* had fallen, unintercepted, in fair territory, heavy penalty points would have been scored against the killers. At half-time, killers and strikers swapped roles.

**Black Eye, White Wine.** During the tournament's three days, the air buzzed with flying disks and gyrating *Schindel*. One *Hornnuss*-stung player was borne off with a brain concussion. At a beer counter, another casually stood with his head bandaged and his eye black—the victim, like half a dozen others, of a falling *Schindel*. At tournament's end, Basel's Helvetic Society, with 1,112 points, no penalties, got the champion's oak-leaf wreath and a two-gallon, silver-studded drinking horn brimming with white wine. Farmer Gruber, with 104 personal points and one incredible 340-yd. clout, was acclaimed the *Schläger Koenig* (batting king).

That evening *Hornnusser*, families and brass bands marched, tired but proud, to the Bern railroad station. As the people of Bern cheered their country cousins, the electric trains, trailing music, rolled off among the Alps.

### Who Won

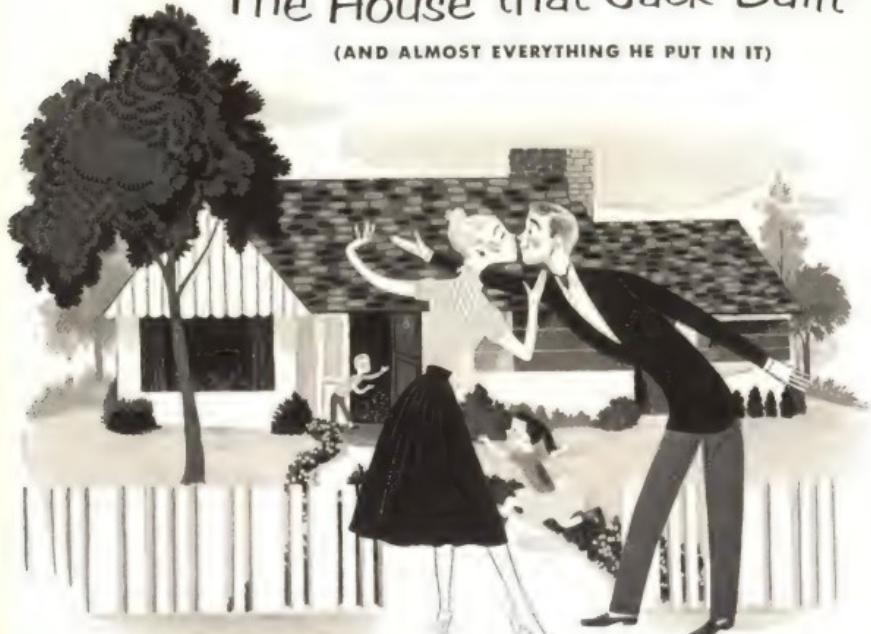
¶ Britain's Swimmers Victor Birkett, 26, and Kathleen Mayoh, 20, and Egypt's Bakir Soliman, 26, in that order, over the stormy English Channel, east to west from France, to become the season's first successful crossers.

¶ Frank Sedgeman over Fellow Australian Ken McGregor, a smash and volley battler, 6-3, 6-2, 12-14, 6-3, to keep his Newport Casino singles tennis crown; in Newport, R.I., Maureen Connolly, repeating her Wimbledon victory over Louise Brough, 4-6, 6-0, 6-3, to become the Essex singles champion; in Manchester, Mass.

¶ The manager and seven oarsmen of Yugoslavia's Olympic rowing team, over Marshal Tito, by announcing they would not go home, but hoped instead to find asylum until Canada lets them in as immigrants; in Rüsselsheim, Germany.

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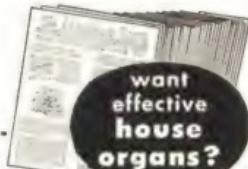
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## MEDICINE

### Polio and Encephalitis

Over much of the U.S., polio was rampant last week. The Public Health Service reported 2,648 fresh cases in a single week, boosting the total for the "disease year" (which begins in late March) to 12,046. This was 71% more than in the same period last year, and alarmingly close to the 12,865 in 1949, which turned out to be the nation's peak epidemic year for polio.

But it was still too early to say whether 1952 was going to be like 1949. Each summer, the onslaught of poliomyelitis reaches its peak in late August or September. Until they could plot that peak on their charts, Public Health statisticians were making no forecasts.

Worst-hit areas to date: Texas (2,279 cases, numbers already dropping), Ohio and Iowa (numbers leveling off). Nebraska (numbers still rising). Notably free from severe epidemics: New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

To physicians, the fruit-growing San Joaquin Valley (part of California's great Central Valley) is less noted for its ailments than for its ailments. It was there that doctors found a strange disease of the lungs caused by fungus spores (*coccidioidomycosis*, or more simply, valley fever). There, too, they see each year a creeping plague of Western equine encephalitis, commonly called sleeping sickness, an inflammation of the brain caused by a virus to which men and horses are especially vulnerable.

The valley has been hard hit this year, and though public health officials are shying away from the panic word epidemic they admit that the outbreak may prove to be California's worst. Day after day patients have been admitted to hospitals with splitting headaches, stiff necks and high fever, later to lapse into a coma which may last for weeks. Children and the elderly are especially affected: the virus does not so often strike adults in their prime. Unlike the Eastern and St. Louis virus, the Western form rarely causes permanent brain damage.

By last week 425 cases had been reported, but only 76 sure cases of encephalitis had been proved, with 121 others still suspected. Three deaths had been definitely traced (by autopsy) to encephalitis, and doctors thought it was the cause of 20 others.

Meanwhile, because the virus is carried by a mosquito (*Culex tarsalis*) which breeds in stagnant water, valley residents were going all out to put oil on pools and spray everything in sight.

### Marathon Hiccuper

In his mail last week, Jack O'Leary got this piece of medical advice: "Tie your ears together with a piece of string, then hold a pencil in your mouth." As nearly as he can figure, it was the 44,200th suggested cure that he has received since he began hiccuping four years and two

months ago. It was no more effective than any of the rest.

Most hiccups can be cured in minutes or hours by holding the breath, drinking water, applying heat to the diaphragm or breathing into a paper bag (to raise the carbon dioxide content of the air breathed). But not Jack O'Leary's. Hiccuping that goes on for months or years can eventually kill the victim through exhaustion and starvation.

As a boy, Jack O'Leary hiccuped no more than any of his schoolmates. After high school he worked in a Los Angeles grocery so that he could save money to study for the priesthood. He had saved almost enough when, in 1948, he had a ruptured appendix. As soon as he began



JACK O'LEARY

In four years, 44,200 suggestions.

to recover from the peritonitis, Jack began to hiccup. The doctor said this was normal after such a severe abdominal upset, and it would soon stop. It never has.

Worse than the actual hiccuping is the vomiting it brings on. Since his illness, he has eaten nothing but mashed carrots, peas and toast with tea. He has never been able to hold food for more than 40 minutes, and now the time is down to ten minutes—not long enough for his digestive system to extract the nourishment his body needs. Standing 5 ft. 6 in. and always slight (never over 135 lbs.), he is now down to 76 lbs. He sleeps fitfully, twitching all the time. Lately the hiccups have speeded up from 60 to 70 a minute.

All the money that Jack had saved, and more, has gone on doctoring—\$10,000, he estimates. Nobody knows exactly how many doctors he has seen, but his mother puts the number at 350. The doctors have tried such standard remedies as sedatives and drugs to slow down the impulses in the phrenic nerve, which controls the



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"I do wish Ballard  
wouldn't resort to stimulants."

diaphragm. Jack has tried many of the unorthodox suggestions from his mailbag, and friends once tried to scare him out of his hiccups by phoning and impersonating the FBI. The scare only made him hiccup harder.

Two basic remedies for hiccups which Jack has not tried are psychotherapy and an operation to crush the phrenic nerve. But, he has been told, he cannot have the operation until he puts on weight and gains strength, and apparently he cannot do that until he stops hiccuping.

### Drugs Are Dangerous Too

Doctors have found that antibiotics are great germ killers. Why different antibiotics kill different groups of germs they do not know. But, just as a hopeful pool player with no clear shot will try a combination, so will they. If penicillin alone will not work in a particular case, they may try penicillin and aureomycin together. But haphazard combinations of antibiotics may delay, instead of hasten, the patient's cure.

Researchers at the University of California have found that there are about as many cases of antagonism between the drugs as there are of cooperation. By & large, they report, any two of four antibiotics in Group I—penicillin, streptomycin, bacitracin and neomycin—work well together. Except in rare cases, however, none of these four should be used with an antibiotic from Group II: aureomycin, Chloromycetin, terramycin. And while no great harm may come of combining two antibiotics within Group II, no real advantage can be expected either; the combination simply works like a bigger dose of either drug alone.

What complicates the job for doctors and laboratory workers is that a particular combination of drugs may work well against one kind of disease-causing microbe and be useless against another closely related microbe. Fortunately, the exceptional cases in which drugs from Groups I and II should be used together are those which have often proved hard-

est to treat—where a strain of bacteria shows extreme resistance to a widely used antibiotic like streptomycin. But even in these cases laboratory tests have proved better than guesswork.

Even a single antibiotic can produce harmful (sometimes fatal) results if the doctor using it is not extremely alert. This was the case with Chloromycetin. The surest cure for typhoid fever, and one of the best drugs for Rocky Mountain spotted fever, brucellosis (undulant fever), typhus and some kinds of pneumonia, it had been given to about 8,000,000 patients since it was first marketed in 1949. Then it was found (TIME, July 14) that some patients who had been getting the drug had died of aplastic anemia (in which the bone marrow is unable to do its normal job of making red and white blood cells).

After a quick and thorough check by topnotch authorities, the Food & Drug Administration gave its verdict last week. Chloromycetin was connected with the deaths of at least 72 aplastic anemia victims. However, there are "serious and sometimes fatal diseases in which its use is necessary," the FDA decided; therefore, doctors may still use it. But the manufacturers, Parke, Davis & Co., must warn doctors on the leaflet packed with every bottle that studies of the patient's blood are essential if Chloromycetin is given for a long time. Further, "Chloromycetin should not be used indiscriminately or for minor infections."

### Capsules

¶ Though most physicians agree that alcohol in moderation has some medicinal uses, a group of them who disagree strongly met last week at the College of Medical Evangelists (run by Seventh-Day Adventists) in Loma Linda, Calif. They applauded Chicago's Physician Andrew Conway Ivy (no Adventist but a Methodist) when he berated alcohol in any form as a "habit-forming . . . and dangerous drug," which, used to excess, "is degrading to human reason and dignity."

¶ Chronic high blood pressure is not necessarily a bar to long life. Two Boston doctors who have followed the cases of 100 patients for as long as 34 years report 71 still living, and only five seriously handicapped. Early high-blood-pressure readings are often misleading, they say, and physicians should be careful not to make their patients "blood-pressure neurotics" by overdoctoring them.

¶ Though Negroes are only 10% of the U.S. population, they number 45% of narcotic addicts and 75% among the juvenile addicts. The reason, Psychiatrist Walter Adams told the (Negro) National Medical Association in Chicago last week, is to be found in race discrimination: the use of narcotics is a cover-up for feelings of inferiority, insecurity or depression.

¶ After getting a new production line into operation at Danville, Pa. (TIME, Aug. 18), Merck & Co. cut the price of cortisone by 40%, to \$9.60 a gram wholesale (three years ago it was \$200). Two other producers decided to follow suit.



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# Taking the "maybe"



**ATOMIC BOILER?** A lot of potential power will course through this huge heat exchanger shown being assembled. Here a work man tightens the ring of bolts that keep it closed against tremendous internal pressure. A. O. Smith engineers and crafts-

men design and build heat exchangers for refineries, chemical plants, power houses and other processors. They design for pressures up to 10,000 pounds per square inch. Atomic power developments may make heat exchangers like this commonplace!



**OVEN TEMPERATURE - 1600° F!** The brightly glowing single-piece steel tank you see emerging from a furnace in the background was hot! Special A. O. Smith glass fused to the interior surface at that temperature, becomes united with the steel, presents a smooth, sanitary and lasting protective finish. That's why best known brewery cellars throughout the country have A. O. Smith glass-lined storage tanks.



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SUN-BRIGHT ARC of the electric welder is the modern production tool of industry. Here the parts of a stainless steel cooling coil for the food processing industry are being welded together with A. O. Smith welding electrodes and welding machines. The welder's rod is the magic wand of industry today.

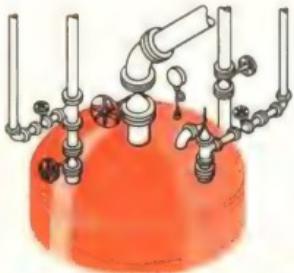


## This CRANE VALVE took a load off the maintenance budget

This case shows the thrift that results in buying quality valves. They save production losses as well as maintenance costs. Here, in a starch plant under corrosive conditions, this Crane valve outlasted other valves more than 5 times. And it still continues to give perfect service. That's what Crane quality means in valves for every service.



### Read these Facts of the Case!



**Where Installed:** On raw materials inlet to starch converter. Valve constantly exposed to corrosive effects of hydrochloric acid vapors from converter, at working pressure of 50 psi, 280 degrees F.

**Trouble Encountered:** Valves formerly used needed repairs every 2 to 3 weeks, and had to be replaced every 3 to 4 months. Down time for converters was excessive; valve maintenance costs ran extremely high.



**Solution and Result:** The trouble was stopped by installing Crane Ni-Resist cast iron gate valves with 18-8 Mo Alloy trim. Inspected after giving 19 months' service without interruption, these Crane valves were still in excellent working condition.

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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## STATE OF BUSINESS Mixed Blessings

Every so often the prophets of doom begin mumbling darkly that people have satisfied all their big postwar demands and the boom is ending. Last week, hard at work with slide rule, questionnaire and adding machine, the busy statisticians showed that a vast reservoir of demand still remains.

The Federal Reserve Board, sampling buyer plans, found that consumers are still thirsting for more. No less than 14% of U.S. families plan to buy a car next year; 8% of the nation's non-farm families have tentative plans to buy houses—more, in both cases, than in 1952. Businessmen got the same sort of sounding Dun & Bradstreet polled 1,277 key manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, found that 61% of them expect last-quarter sales to top the same period in 1951. One hopeful bellwether: mail-order and chain-store sales in July were 8% ahead of last year.

To keep pace with this seemingly insatiable demand, the U.S. productive machine is growing at a record rate. In the second quarter, said the Commerce Department, gross national output (*i.e.*, the value of all goods & services) hit a new high—an annual rate of \$343 billion, up 12% since Korea. One measure of the growth came in a report on non-manufacturing industries, *e.g.*, transportation and utilities, which keep the others humming. Since the war, reported Commerce and the SEC this week, these industries have poured \$85 billion into new plants and equipment, equal to 75% of their total assets at war's end. Last year's outlays were a record \$15 billion.

Much of this growth was real (actual physical production has increased 14% since Korea), but much of it also was a result of creeping inflation, reflecting higher prices and higher costs all down the line. And if anybody thought it meant unlimited and universal prosperity, the Department of Labor slide rules came up with some dampening figures of their own: in 1950 the average city family earned \$4,300 after taxes, an all-time record up to then, yet had also overspent its income by \$400 trying to keep abreast of rising prices and taxes.

## INDUSTRY

### R.U.R., 1952

In ten years Rossum's Universal Robots will produce so much corn, so much cloth, so much everything, that things will be practically without price. There will be no poverty. All work will be done by living machines . . .

When Karel Capek wrote these words in his 1920 play *R.U.R.*, such a dream of effortless productivity seemed fantastic indeed. But this week, when Massachu-

sets Institute of Technology explained the operations of the first completely automated milling machine, the idea no longer seemed quite so farfetched. Ranged beside the big milling machine, which looked like any other, were three formidable-looking banks of electronic devices, each of which decoded the "messages" punched out on a tape similar to teletype. When M.I.T.'s Associate Professor William Pease fed the tape into a transmitter, the huge machine swung into action, cutting all the curves and corners necessary to transform a square piece of metal into an eccentric cam. Only 10 ft. of tape was enough to keep the big machine busy for an hour—and turning out the parts three to four times as fast as



M.I.T.'s PEASE & AUTOMATIC MILLING MACHINE  
Tape to Machine: "An hour's worth of cams."

they could be done under human guidance.

M.I.T. was able to build its robot machine only because the U.S. Air Force paid the \$400,000 cost in the hope of finding production shortcuts. But now that the prototype has been built, Eng. Pease estimates that a duplicate, easily convertible to other jobs, could be made for \$50,000 to \$70,000, about six times the cost of an ordinary milling machine. None of this means that the robot factory was right around the corner (or that the robots were about to inherit the earth). But the day was measurably closer. Summing up his own views in the current *Scientific American*, Pease says: "With [such] machines in control, we can conceive of factories which will process, assemble and finish any article of manufacture. It is unlikely that the automatic factory will appear suddenly. Like the machine tool itself, it will just grow by steps, until eventually it is here."

## CONSTRUCTION

### The Master Builder

Peter Kiewit is a 51-year-old Omaha contractor whose motto is: "No job is too big or too small." Three years ago, while grossing more than \$100 million a year, Kiewit lived up to half of his motto. He won a contract to resurface three rural Nebraska streets. Cost: \$1,500. Last week, Kiewit lived up to the other half. He got the second biggest single construction contract ever awarded.<sup>9</sup> Kiewit's new job: the \$1.2 billion uranium plant for the Atomic Energy Commission in southern Ohio (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*).

The new AEC plant, spread over 6,500 acres, will take four years to build, em-

ploy an average of 17,000 men for the whole period. That means that Peter Kiewit Sons' Co. will boss nearly \$1,000,000 worth of work per day. For the next four years, at least, Peter Kiewit is likely to be the world's No. 1 builder.

**Out of Bed.** Contractor Kiewit (pronounced key-wit), whose builder father left a small company with \$25,000 in assets to three sons, has been moving mountains of earth since he took over the company in 1931. He got up from a hospital bed to do so. Young Kiewit, who learned bricklaying in high-school days and quit Dartmouth as a freshman to become a builder, had been stricken by phlebitis followed by serious complications. After lying on his back in a hospital for nine months, he decided: "If I'm going to die I might as well die working."

In that brave mood, Kiewit decided to

<sup>9</sup> Biggest: Du Pont's \$1,470 billion job to build the Savannah River H-bomb plant



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whip Depression as well, began expanding while other contractors were pulling in their horns (his brothers dropped out of the company). Shrewdly, he figured that public works would get a big play as a relief measure, and when the big New Deal projects came along he had the experience and the equipment to go after them. He landed \$3,000,000 worth of contracts building PWA-financed irrigation canals in Nebraska, often got jobs by bidding for them at cost, figuring that prices would drop enough afterward for him to make a profit (they did). By 1938, he was big enough to handle more than \$6,000,000 in contracts to help build Chicago's new subway. When World War II came, says Kiewit, "We really began to roll."

In five World War II years, Kiewit bossed or shared more than \$300 million of Government contracts, ranging from Army camps in Washington, Colorado and Oregon to landing fields along the Alcan Highway. At war's end, when crapehangers were again crying Depression, Kiewit made his second decision to expand, since then has bought an armored division of modern equipment. His 1,000 trucks, 350 tractors and 80 power shovels, etc., have a replacement value of \$20 million. He kept a big staff of specialists and workers, including more than 100 engineers under Vice President and Right-Hand-Man Walter Scott; unlike many others he did not pare down to skeleton size between jobs. Result: he got many new ones because he was the only man fully equipped to take them on. He helped build highways in California and Kansas and the big dams through the Missouri Valley. His firm's working capital grew to more than \$20 million, his payroll to 34,218, his business last year rose to \$150 million (and this year it will easily top \$200 million).

Kiewit himself is several times a millionaire. He hops from job to job in his personal DC-3, equipped with extra gas tanks for transocean flights. Kiewit is so busy that recently, when his pilot asked permission to paint the plane's nose, he refused because it would take 48 hours to dry. And the one-time invalid is now so hale that insurance companies long since canceled the penalty rates they used to charge him.

**Into the Mud.** A quiet, grey-thatched man who looks more like a banker than an earth mover, Kiewit nevertheless knows how to slog into the mud, show his men what to do, get the most out of them. If he likes a job, he says: "I'm pleased but not satisfied." He has an unpretentious office on the tenth floor of the Omaha National Bank building, maintains twelve others from coast to coast, but is stubbornly publicity-shy. "We've done pretty well without it," he says laconically. He seldom takes a vacation, but sometimes, with his second wife, weekends at the \$1,000,000 Nebraska ranch he bought three years ago. Now & then he takes over a Missouri River barge to provide a cruise, dance, drinks and a steak dinner for several score of his friends.

Two years ago, when Army Engineers



Lawrence Robinson—Omaha World-Herald

**PETER KIEWIT**  
Pleased but not satisfied.

asked Kiewit to take on one of its biggest projects to date—"Operation Bluejay," a \$100-million-plus contract to build heavy-bomber airfields on Greenland and housing for 4,000 men—Kiewit turned down the hurry-up job. When the Engineers could get no one else to take it on, Kiewit finally agreed to tackle it. He formed a combine of his own choosing, headed up three other firms to do the job. The project is now well under way.

When AEC drew up its list of prospective builders recently for the Ohio atom plant, Kiewit's name was one of a dozen or more recommended. But in weeding the list down, the AEC decided that ever-ready Kiewit was the only one with enough equipment and men at the ready to tackle the job immediately. Earth-Mover Kiewit was pleased, but not satisfied, when he won the second biggest contract in history.

## FOREIGN TRADE

### A Blow for Freedom

A prime postwar goal of the U.S. has been to get the rest of the free world off the backs of U.S. taxpayers and earning dollars again. Yet every time a foreign product begins to make a dent in the U.S. market, a familiar cry rises: raise tariffs. Two months ago, under heavy pressure from some U.S. watchmakers and their workers, the U.S. Tariff Commission joined the chorus. A majority recommended that import duties on Swiss and other watches be jacked up as much as 50%.

Last week Harry Truman, who had already rejected a similar plea on behalf of U.S. garlic growers (TIME, Aug. 4), took a hammer to the commission's argument and smashed it to smithereens. Wrote the President, in turning down the commission's recommendation: "The weight of evidence does not support the claim that our domestic watch industry has been se-



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riously injured, or that there is a threat of serious injury . . . [Domestic] production of jewelled watches had nearly doubled in 1951, as compared with the annual average for the period 1936-40." With the U.S. now selling nearly twice as much goods (\$210 million worth last year) to Switzerland as Switzerland sells to the U.S. (\$131 million), the President thought that any new trade barriers would strike a "heavy blow at our whole effort to increase international trade and permit friendly nations to earn their own dollars and pay their own way in the world."

To the Swiss, whose watches account for more than half their exports to the U.S., the President's action was a welcome bit of evidence that the U.S. is practicing what it preaches about free world trade. Rejoiced the *Journal de Genève*: "The decision taken by President Truman has a tremendous importance in reaffirming the confidence between his country and the free nations of Europe."

### Germany's Flivver

Adolf Hitler, who promised to put a "people's flivver" (*Volkswagen*) in every German garage, collected \$112 million in public subscriptions to build a big auto factory in Wolfsburg. About all it ever turned out was jeeps, and the only ride most Germans got for their money was a one-way trip to the battlefield. During World War II, Allied airmen smashed the plant.

Today the *Volkswagen* is West Germany's biggest-selling auto, and it is vying with France's Renault and Italy's Fiat for first place in Continental Europe. At the reconstructed plant, 16,000 workers are now turning out 120,000 *Volkswagen* a year (about one out of every two German cars). Cheap (\$1,095), economical (.36 miles per gallon), and with a top speed of 70 m.p.h. from its aircooled four-cylinder engine, the *Volkswagen* is also beginning to edge into transatlantic markets. *Volkswagen's* total U.S. sales have already reached 1,200; it recently shipped its 3,000th car to Brazil, and this week, for the first time, invaded Canada.

**Snarled Production.** *Volkswagen's* comeback began a few months after the war's end, when some of its workers secretly brought the old prewar dies out of storage, and used a surviving heavy press to make two complete cars before the British, who controlled the occupation zone, were aware of it. But the British approved more production, and were amazed when part of the factory's 6,000 workers were able to turn out 713 cars the first year, while the rest cleared away the factory's ruins.

But lack of mass-production experience got the plant snarled up. In 1948, the British brought in Heinz Nordhoff, who, as boss of General Motors' Opel subsidiary in Brandenburg, Germany, had run the biggest prewar truck factory in Europe. Nordhoff inherited a weird setup. No one knew who owned the *Volkswagen* factory or who should get its profits. Technically built by the Nazis' German Labor Front, the money came from 300,-



Volkswagenwerke

HEINZ NORDHoff

An unsolved mystery.

ooo "Volkswagen savers," who paid \$2 a week in advance for the cars they never got. But Nordhoff didn't care who owned the factory. Said he: "We just go on building cars."

**Unsolved Mystery.** Build them he did. Nordhoff found the plant turning out four different models. To cut costs, he trimmed *Volkswagen's* design to only one engine and one chassis which would fit any one of five different types of bodies. He lined up 729 dealers at home, 600 in 29 foreign countries. For workers he introduced such benefits as liberal social security, and, as profits and production rose, kept boosting their pay. Result: each of *Volkswagen's* 16,000 workers now turns out 7.2 cars per year, as compared to 1.3 cars in 1946, and profits have risen from \$508,314 in 1948 to an estimated \$875,000 in 1952.

Nordhoff has still not solved the mystery of who owns prosperous *Volkswagen*. Neither has the West German government. Until the lawyers and politicians decide, Nordhoff will go on making cars, and the dividends will be held in trust.

### MANAGEMENT Successionship

Manhattan Adman Shepherd Mead is a 38-year-old vice president of Benton & Bowles, and a devoted follower of Britain's Stephen Potter, founder and master of *Gamesmanship* (how to win at games "without actually cheating") and *Lifemanship*. Mead's ploy is successionship. In his new book, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* (Simon & Schuster; \$2.50), he sets down a valuable list of plonks and gambits for the aspiring junior executive ("any male in an office who sits down").

**Choose Your Target.** For his would-be successful businessman, young Pierrepont Finch, Mead first advises: choose the right company, "big enough so that no-



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body knows exactly what anyone else is doing." If he has a special knack, Mead adds, "Forget it . . . Be an 'all-around' man of no special ability and you will rise to the top."

His next problem is to free his mind for "truly High-Level thinking," which requires an escape from office routine. "At 9:30, remark: 'Oh, J.B., anything you want from me before I take off?' 'Going out, Finch?' 'Yes, sir. Don't trust that survey at all. Think I'll get out and ring some doorbells . . . get down to the grass roots.' 'Good boy, Finch.'" But on Finch's Saturday off when the boss drops by to



JUNIOR EXECUTIVE AT WORK

pick up his golf clubs, Finch gets there a half hour before, rolls up his sleeves, touses his hair and litters his desk with empty paper coffee cups and old cigarette butts saved for the purpose.

"Oh, working this morning, Finch?"

"'Mmmmm. Is it morning already, sir?"

"Great Scott, been here all night?"

"No, not all night . . . Is there any way I can get in tomorrow, sir? Just in case?"

**Aim Your Fire.** Finch is on his way. He writes memos ("concerned only incidentally with its apparent subject"). "The main object of the memo is to impress the people who read it . . ." Other people's memos may be returned unread with a note: "Mighty clear exposition!"

Finch learns how to play company politics and win the boss's attention. "There are always two or more factions [e.g., Blank v. Threep] fighting for control," advises Mead. "It is essential to maintain strict neutrality long enough to determine which side is going to win . . . After it is clear that Threep, say, is going down, the humane thing to do is to finish him off as quickly as possible. Attack him freely, and preferably in Blank's presence . . . From this point on, follow Blank loyally. There is nothing like loyalty, as long as your man moves up fast enough to leave plenty of room behind." If not, Finch must think first of the company's good, "and if Blank is not Doing his Job you must not let sentiment interfere. By this time, you should be skillful at giving people the

business. Give it to Blank, in a nice way, and afterwards do your best to find him another job."

A sure-fire way to win the boss's attention is to adopt his own hobbies. "Got to hurry home, sir. The little devils are whelping." "Whelping, Finch? Don't tell me you're a mongoose man!" "Are you too, sir? We are a rare breed, aren't we?"

Of course, it is only a matter of time until Finch is president of Finch & Co., formerly Biggley & Co. Now that he has got rid of old J. B. Biggley, it falls on Finch to "lend a helping hand to those . . . following . . . along the road." One such: young Spruance Bibber, who even comes in to work on Saturdays, his desk all strewn with coffee cups and cigarette butts. "Oh, working this morning, Bibber?" "Gosh, is it morning already, Mr. Finch?" "Yes, and it just started to rain. Better take your umbrella into the hall. It's dripping on the carpet!" "

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Moira Shearer, 26, red-haired ballerina (*Tales of Hoffmann*), and Ludovic Kennedy, 32, wartime Royal Navy lieutenant, author and onetime college librarian: their first child, a daughter; in London. Weight: 8 lbs.

**Married.** Anthony Eden, 55, Britain's Foreign Secretary; and Clarissa Spencer-Churchill, 32, the Prime Minister's niece; he for the second time, she for the first; in a private civil service; in London (see FOREIGN NEWS).

**Died.** Lieut. General William Nafew Haskell (ret.), 74, veteran of the Philippines and St. Mihiel (1918), who directed relief in Russia and the Balkans during the famines that followed World War I, and ran unsuccessfully (in 1943) as Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor of New York; after long illness; in Greenwich, Conn.

**Died.** Mark Sullivan, 77, author (*Our Times*), onetime (1914-17) editor of *Collier's*, and political columnist (syndicated, at his peak, in close to 150 newspapers); of a heart attack; in West Chester, Pa. (see PRESS).

**Died.** David John ("Little Davey") Lewis, 83, onetime Pennsylvania coal miner who served 14 years as U.S. Congressman from western Maryland, helped found (in 1912) the nation's parcel post system; in Cumberland, Md. When he was nearly nine, Lewis shouldered a miniature pick & shovel, followed his father down a mine shaft to earn \$10 a month. He was 17 before he learned to write, was once pulled out of a mine cave-in, half dead, with a physics book in his pocket. In 1910 Lewis was elected to Congress, identified himself as a left-wing Democrat. In 1935 he wrote the old-age pension law (although its sponsor, North Carolina's Representative Doughton, got the credit).

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# MUSIC

## Strauss's Last Première

Visitors to the Salzburg Festival expect to hear the best of classical music; last week they got something even better: a Historic Occasion. At curtain time the old Festival Hall was filled with well-fed but expectant listeners, come to hear the world première of *The Love of Danaë*, the only unperformed opera by Richard Strauss—a composer only slightly less sacred to Salzburg than Mozart himself.

*Danaë* had special significance for Salzburgers. Eight years ago, after the Allies had landed in Normandy and Hitler's Reich was girding for its last stand, all theaters were ordered closed and the Salzburg performances canceled. But as a concession to Strauss's great prestige, Goebbels authorized a single "dress rehearsal for technicians," of the composer's new opera. Next day, several members of the cast were handed rifles and drafted into the last-ditch *Volksturm* army.

**Epoch's End.** Answering the thunderous ovation that followed that wartime performance, Strauss himself appeared, choked back his tears and spoke: "With this opera ends an epoch in the European theater of our time. My life is over." He said he hoped *Danaë* would next be produced long after the war, "when people are in the mood again to see an opera about gods and goddesses."

Strauss died in 1949, five years after the war's end. Perhaps last week's performance came too soon: the audience seemed only mildly impressed, the applause was almost perfunctory. True, the music had its passages of Strauss lyricism, and Conductor Clemens Krauss made the most of them. But the score bore little resemblance to the lilting *Rosenkavalier* or the passionate *Salomé*; it was closer to the allegorical *Frau ohne Schatten* or *Die Aegyptische Helena* of the composer's later years, and it sometimes made unreasonable vocal and emotional demands on the singers. Its story, a retelling of how Jupiter wooed the nymph Danaë, was a hodgepodge of myth and fiction.

**Summing Up.** With its senseless and irrelevant plot, *Danaë* probably has little chance of repertory performance outside Germany or Austria. But the production, with its gilt-encrusted costumes and scenery, and its overflow audience, neatly summed up the Salzburg of 1952.

Other festival cities this year, notably Bayreuth and Munich, bid high for top-notch soloists. Salzburg, apparently confident that the Vienna Opera was the world's best, simply transplanted it for the festival season, and booked only two big outside stars: the Metropolitan Opera's Baritone George London (a commanding Count Almaviva in *The Marriage of Figaro*) and Tenor Ramon Vinay (in *Otello*). Salzburg's musical stalwarts of other years (Bruno Walter, Arturo Toscanini) were absent. But the hall was fuller than ever and Salzburg had its most profitable season since the war.

## Musical Monarch No. 2

Among the world's few remaining kings, the monarchs of Southeast Asia are unique in one respect: they write music. King Phumiphon Adunet of Siam sold five songs (*Falling Rain*, *Blue Night*, etc.) to Mike Todd for his Broadway *Peep Show*. Phumiphon's neighbor, His Majesty Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia (TIME, July 21), though affairs of state keep him on the run, also composes.

Once or twice a week the 29-year-old monarch puts on a gay, all-night party in his palace at Phnompenh. The guests are treated to ice cream, Coca-Cola and pink champagne, music by the royal band and free-hand composing by His Majesty. The king picks out tunes on the piano, saxo-



Howard Sochuck—LIFE

COMPOSER NORODOM  
Pink champagne and tinkling effects.

phone or accordion; the band picks up and elaborates his themes and a professional musician jots them down.

Donald R. Heath, U.S. Minister to the Indo-Chinese states of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, knows his diplomatic sharps and flats. Last June, he carried five of King Norodom's more serious compositions to Washington, where they were turned over to the Air Force Symphony Orchestra to be harmonized and orchestrated. Last week at a regular summer concert, Colonel George Howard, the orchestra's conductor, played a miniature suite made up of three of Norodom's pieces: an animated waltz with a few tinkling Cambodian effects, *Berceuse*: a contrasting movement, *Nostalgia*, and a lively beguine, *Chérie*. The king's music won the loudest applause of the evening. *Chérie* might, with popular orchestration (and perhaps another diplomatic assist) provide King Phumiphon's show tunes with some stiff competition.

## New Records

Record collectors had good news this month: the first issue on American LPs of classical recordings by RCA Victor's British associate, the Gramophone Co., Ltd. ("His Master's Voice"). Some of the H.M.V. recordings are old, but British technique was always good and the sound quality is acceptable.

Standouts in the first release: Master Pianist Artur Schnabel (who died last year) playing two important Mozart concertos, the portentous *D Minor*, *K. 466* and the *C Minor*, *K. 491*, with strength and tenderness; Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, making the Vienna Philharmonic perform with the best in Beethoven's *Symphony No. 7*, Schubert's *Unfinished* and Mozart's *Symphony No. 40* in *G Minor*; Violinist Yehudi Menuhin at his dazzling peak in Paganini's popular, pyrotechnical *Concerto No. 2*.

Aside from the big names so dear to Victor's catalogue, there are good performances by less famous musicians: Guido Cantelli and Milan's La Scala Orchestra in Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 5*; the late Fritz Busch with the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra in Haydn's *Symphony No. 88*; Sir Adrian Boult and the BBC Symphony in Holst's *The Planets*.

Other new records:

**Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande** (Suzanne Danco, Pierre Mollet, Heinrich Rehfuss; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet; London, eight sides LP). Maeterlinck's fairy tale floating along the stream of Debussy's consciousness. The voices of the principals are all excellent and so is their French diction; Ansermet's subtle direction could scarcely be bettered.

**Berlioz: Harold in Italy** (William Primrose, viola; the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; Columbia). The passionately romantic symphony with its viola solo representing Childe Harold; Beecham and Primrose give it its best performance on records.

**Jays and Sorrows of Andalusia** (Luis Maravilla, guitar; Pepe Valencia, voice; Westminster). The guitar is one instrument that sounds better on records than in the concert hall, and flamenco music, with its sensuality and its thumping outbursts, is the guitar's most exciting province. The vocal parts add an Oriental flavor. *An Andrés Segovia Recital* (Decca) is a more reflective guitar record: the soloist specializes in pure versions of Bach, Schubert and Mendelssohn.

**Sibelius: Violin Concerto in D Minor** (Camilla Wicks; Symphony Orchestra of Radio Stockholm conducted by Sixten Ehrling; Capitol). An ingratiating piece by the Finnish composer, played with warmth and vigor by a talented young (23) American.

**Bernstein: Three Dances from "Fancy Free"** (Philadelphia Orchestra "Pops" conducted by Alexander Hilsberg; Columbia). Frothy music, but the month's most vibrant recording job.

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## CINEMA

### Silver Lining

At a Harvard Club lunch in Los Angeles M-G-M's Dore Schary decided to look on the bright side of the movie-TV battle: "Television actually is having a salutary effect on films. It is eliminating our pot-boilers, dreadful melodramas and other junk. In fact, television is inheriting most of Hollywood's mediocrities."

### The New Pictures

*Just for You* [Paramount] casts Bing Crosby as a paragon of Broadway show producers. When he is not putting on one smash hit after another and showing his leading men how to sing songs and make love to the leading lady (Jane Wyman), he is throwing gay first-night penthouse parties, where he croons such ditties as *Zing a Little Zong*. But Widower Bing is so busy being famous that he is a flop with his teen-age children. His daughter (Natalie Wood) winds up in jail with her drunken governess. His adolescent son (Robert Arthur) resents Bing's critical attitude toward his song-writing attempts, and tries to beat his father's time with Jane Wyman.

Bing soon mops up these messy situations. He gets his daughter admitted to an exclusive girls' school by calling Old Headmistress Ethel Barrymore "darling," and by singing an oldtime vaudeville number at the school's annual musical. As for his son, Bing gets one of his songs, *Just for You*, published. Sample lyric: "Spring is here and all the pretty flowers that grow, grow just for you. Skies are clear and all the little stars that glow, glow just for you." At about this point, when it is plain that Bing will make the grade with his children, it is equally obvious that *Just for You* will never make the grade as a merry cinemusical.

*One Minute to Zero* [Edmund Grainger: RKO Radio] finds sleepy-eyed Robert Mitchum, as a U.S. infantryman, helping outmaneuver the Reds in Korea in 1950. Colonel Mitchum knocks out a Communist supply route and turns the U.S. defensive into an offensive on the eve of the Inchon invasion. As a result, he is promoted to general and wins the love of Ann Blyth, a cute member of a U.N. health & sanitation team in Korea.

*One Minute to Zero* has the regulation quota of action scenes and combat heroics. One sequence, in which Mitchum orders the shelling of a civilian refugee column that harbors Communist guerrillas, was found objectionable by the Department of Defense. The producers of the picture refused to eliminate the scene, and it remains the only unusual feature in a formula film.

*The Stranger In Between* [J. Arthur Rank: Universal-International], called *Hunted in England*, is a suspense-filled movie about a six-year-old orphan boy who falls in with a murderer fleeing from



BING CROSBY & JANE WYMAN  
With fame, a flop.

the police. The chase, leading across England and Scotland and through a series of such colorful settings as a pawnshop, a boarding house, an amusement gallery and a small fishing village, has been staged with cinematic vigor by Director Charles (*The Lavender Hill Mob*) Crichton.

But *The Stranger In Between* also offers what is rarer in a chase film: the human sympathy that grows up between the orphan boy, who is afraid to return to his cruel foster parents, and the young man, who has killed his floozy-wife's lover. At first the two string along together out of necessity, but finally each develops a real affection for the other. Dirk Bogarde gives an intense performance as the fugitive, and towheaded Jon Whiteley is a sad-eyed, touching figure as the boy.

*The World in His Arms* [Universal-International]. The history books say that the U.S. bought Alaska—then known as Russian America—from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000. At the time, the "Esqui-



DIRK BOGARDE & JON WHITELEY  
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maux acquisition" of 590,884 square miles of snowy wasteland, an area equal to nearly one-fifth of the continental U.S., was called "the icebox of the North" and "Seward's folly" (Secretary of State William H. Seward instigated the deal).

This movie tells the story differently: Alaska was acquired during the 1850s by a brave Yankee sea captain (Gregory Peck) with the help of a fetching Russian countess (Ann Blyth). When Captain Peck was not negotiating outsized real-estate deals, he was quite a devil with the girls. After some profitable seal poaching in the Pribilofs, Peck disembarks from his schooner, the *Pilgrim*, at San Francisco's Barbary Coast and heads for the Bon Ton café. There he drinks a toast to "girls and gunpowder." At a fancy ball, he meets Ann, who is really a Czarist aristocrat. "Who are you?" he asks. "Just a girl," she



QUINN, BLYTH & PECK  
Here's to girls and gunpowder.

says. "What kind of a girl?" "Just a Russian girl," she says.

Peck has no end of troubles. He not only has to sink an Imperial Russian gunboat captained by Czarist Prince Carl Esmond, a nasty sort who is determined that Peck shall get neither Ann nor Alaska. He also has to fight the gang of a rival seal poacher (Anthony Quinn) with fists, meat cleavers and belaying pins. By the time this pulp plot has run its course, Alaska is secure in the hands of the U.S., and Peck, at the wheel of the *Pilgrim*, holds Ann (*i.e.*, the world) in his arms as they sail back to a Technicolored San Francisco.

Ivory Hunter [J. Arthur Rank; Universal-International] is a western set in East Africa. Inspired by the real-life story of Colonel Mervyn Cowie, founder of the Kenya Royal National Parks, the picture tells of a game warden (Anthony Steel) who establishes a 2,000-sq. mi. sanctuary for African game. Before he makes a suc-



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cess of the project, he is attacked by a leopard, a lioness and a rhinoceros. He also copes with rinderpest epidemic and the villainy of an ivory poacher (Harold Warrender).

The movie brings fine Technicolor views of African wildlife and scenery. Steel makes a stalwart game warden and Warrender is a slick heavy, but the four-legged actors lope away with the show.

**Les Misérables** (20th Century-Fox) is the ninth screen version of Victor Hugo's classic manhunt.<sup>8</sup> The 1862 novel told of the simple, hard-working peasant, Jean Valjean, who served 19 years in the galleys for stealing a loaf of bread for his starving sister and her children, finally became a prosperous merchant and philanthropist and, because he violated his parole by not reporting to the police, was hounded right to the barricades of the French revolution and through the sewers of Paris by stern, implacable Inspector Javert.

Generally faithful to the original story, the new version is less faithful to the book's romantic sweep and excitement. The chase scenes, involving Javert (Robert Newton) and Valjean (Michael Rennie), are routine with a run-of-the-harri-cade revolutionary sequence and a fairly picturesque tour through the Paris sewers. Lacking the novel's insistence on the theme of good v. evil, this *Les Misérables* is neither good red melodrama nor black-&-white morality. It is mainly a costume piece.

#### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Ivanhoe.** Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe, Elizabeth Taylor as Rebecca, Joan Fontaine as Rowena (TIME, Aug. 4).

**The Strange Ones.** Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a strange dream world of their own (TIME, July 21).

**High Noon.** A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperadoes single-handed (TIME, July 24).

**Where's Charley?** Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay Technicolored edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

**Carrie.** Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

**The Story of Robin Hood.** Flavorful version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

**Pat and Mike.** A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

\* Other notable screen *Les Misérables*: a 1918 Hollywood production with William Farnum as Jean Valjean; a 1934 French adaptation with Harry Baur; a 1935 Hollywood version with Fredric March as Valjean and Charles Laughton as Javert; a 1951 Italian production with Gino Cervi.

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# BOOKS

## The Widow & the Senator

DEMOCRACY [246 pp.]—Henry Adams  
—Farrar, Straus & Young [\$3.50].

Being the grandson of one U.S. president and the great-grandson of another, Henry Adams was nurtured in the cozy expectation that he might one day become the third in line. That he turned out to be a Harvard history professor so disappointed him that he spent most of his life investigating what sort of a world it was that didn't have a better use for Henry.

In the course of this investigation Adams made himself an American historian of absolutely first rank, a shrewd political observer, and an old sourpuss. *Democracy*, republished this week for the

heart of the great American mystery of democracy." She thinks also that she can get "power." Her bid for both involves the leading Senator of his day: Silas P. Ratcliffe, "The Prairie Giant of Peoria, Ill." a sort of composite portrait of Thaddeus Stevens and George Sewall Boutwell, a notorious five-percenter of the Grant Administration.

Ratcliffe is "a great ponderous man, over six feet high, very . . . dignified," with "rather good features" and a bald Websterian head. "A single glance at Mr. Ratcliffe's face showed Madeleine that she need not be afraid of flattering too grossly; her own self-respect, not his, was the only restraint . . ." Accordingly, she remarked with "apparent simplicity": "Was I right in thinking that you have a strong resemblance?"



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He righteously rebuked the old sourpuss' soiree.



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HENRY ADAMS

first time in a quarter-century, is one of the two novels Adams wrote in his lifelong expostulation with a nation that failed to give him his birthright. Though the U.S. has achieved success and power far beyond Adams' gloomy dreams.\* *Democracy*, first published anonymously in 1879, is still just about the best satire ever written about the Government of the U.S.

"*The Prairie Giant*." The business of the book is, outwardly, to describe the adventures of a certain Mrs. Lightfoot Lee, wealthy, intelligent Philadelphia widow who becomes so weary of human society that she goes to live in Washington, D.C. There, she thinks, she can get "to the

blame to Daniel Webster in your way of speaking?"

**Romantic Filibuster.** The Prairie Giant fell with a crash that reverberated through the social circles of the capital. Summoning all his demagogue's dialectic and caucusing cunning, Senator Ratcliffe sets out to filibuster Mrs. Lee out of her heart, her hand and her income. As the senatorial courtship wheezes forward, Adams steps out of the wings to take a peek at U.S. society of the late 19th century.

As for the whole process called "democracy," Adams finds it "nothing more than government of any other kind," but adds, in the words of a half-tolerant cynic: "I grant it is an experiment, but it is the only direction society can take that is worth taking; the only conception of its duty large enough to satisfy its instincts . . ."

In the end, Mrs. Lee sees through her Senator: "His courage was mere moral paralysis . . . He talked about virtue and vice as a man who is color-blind talks

\* President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 righteously rebuked it as "that novel which made a great furor among the educated incompetents and the pessimists generally . . . It had a superficial and rotten cleverness, but it was essentially false, essentially mean and base, and it is amusing to read it now and see how completely events have given it the lie."

about red and green." She also sees through herself: much of her ambition had been mere "blind longing to escape from the torture of watching other women with full lives and satisfied instincts."

As the Senator builds steadily toward the presidency, Mrs. Lee hops off the bandwagon. "The bitterest part of all this horrid story," she concludes, "is that nine out of ten of our countrymen would say I had made a mistake."

## Atheist's Funeral March

THE TARTAR STEPPE [214 pp.]—Dino Buzzati—Farrar, Straus & Young [\$3.50].

Two of the pioneers who staked out the new boundaries of modern literature were Novelists Feodor Dostoevsky and Franz Kafka. Dostoevsky made a pre-Freudian exploration of the grand canyon that separates a man's public acts from his private thoughts—the split in the human atom. But in Dostoevsky's day the social frame within which his split men operated was still all of a piece, held together by principles of law & order and morality. By the time Kafka came on the scene, early in the 20th century, the frame itself was split. The rules and principles of Dostoevsky's day had been shattered into a myriad of questions and conundrums to which only saints or heroes could find the effective answer. For the man-in-the-street, life was getting to be like an endless series of nightmare income-tax forms on which he was obliged to make out honest returns although he couldn't understand a word of them.

In two famous novels, *The Trial* and *The Castle*, Kafka described the workings of this nightmare. Since then, Kafka's visions of the bemusement of modern life have lurked in the background of many contemporary novels. But Italy's Dino Buzzati, best known in the U.S. for his children's story, *The Bear's Famous Invasion in Sicily*, is one of the few who have come close to rewriting a whole Kafka parable. *The Tartar Steppe* follows the style, mood and architecture of Kafka's *Castle*, the story of man struggling hopelessly to enter a stronghold in whose depths could he but fathom them, lay faith and stability. The difference is that Buzzati's hero struggles from within the stronghold itself.

**Dedicated Sentinel.** Novelist Buzzati's fortress, which symbolizes the abode of brave souls, stands on a lonely mountain-top. It commands a view of a misty steppe to the north, from where it may at any moment be attacked. In Dostoevsky's day the invaders were known as "Nihilists"; today, Buzzati calls them "Tartars." But their name is unimportant; what matters is that they represent the forces of spiritual despair and destruction.

Young Lieut. Drogo is posted to the fort. Like any man in a lonely outpost, physical or spiritual, Drogo is awed by the terrible solitude, but strengthened by the thought that he is a dedicated sentinel. In weak moments he is appalled to think that he has renounced all the normal benefits and joys of life; in others, he feels so

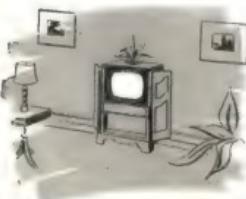
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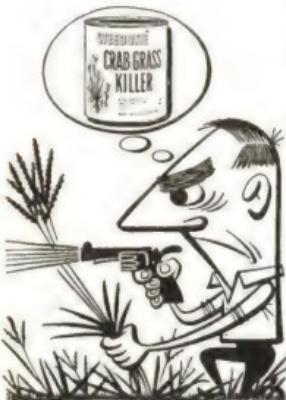
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### DIVIDEND ON COMMON STOCK

The Directors of Chrysler Corporation have declared a dividend of one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) per share on the outstanding common stock, payable September 12, 1952 to stockholders of record at the close of business August 18, 1952.

B. E. HUTCHINSON  
Chairman, Finance Committee

proud of his role as defender-of-the-faith that he scorns the city as a place of "streets in the rain . . . plaster statues . . . damp barracks, tuneless bells, tired and misshapen faces, endless afternoons, dirty dusty ceilings."

But what exactly, he asks himself, is he defending? What is his faith? He cannot say. Nor can any of the soldiers at the fort. Some of them are so disillusioned that they abandon the garrison at the first opportunity; many of them are duped into remaining against their will. All of them know that the fort's equipment is obsolete. But few of them worry. The invaders, say the skeptics, will come by a different route; probably they will not come at all. Only a handful of dedicated soldiers really believe in the threat of the North and yearn for the day when their fidelity will be put to the test. And even these rare men suspect that the only reason for their faith is that they want to "give life some significance."

**Dreams to Dust.** Except for a couple of brief, unsatisfactory leaves, Lieut. Drogo stays at the fort until he is an old man. And when, at last, the "Tartars" suddenly advance upon the fort, Drogo is so decrepit that he is kicked out to make room for stronger men. Back in the city, utterly disillusioned by his wasted life, he is promptly attacked by a new enemy—death. Mustering his last reserves of discipline and courage, Drogo meets this fatal enemy with a brave smile. As he sees it, in his last moments, death only means that "The worst is over and they [i.e., the facts of life] cannot cheat you any more."

This sounds like the Existentialist answer to the modern dilemma—an answer which assumes that all questions of faith are pointless and only man's pride and courage are of value. It is an answer that would have left Kafka as restless as before and convinced Dostoevsky that the nihilists had won the day. But Author Buzzati, no Existentialist himself, presents it as a universal truth, a faith to die for; and so, though *The Tartar Steppe* suffers from being a copy of *The Castle*, it gains from the gravity and human sympathy with which it is written. Like many another modern novel, it reads like an atheist's funeral march—in which the composer (to say nothing of the corpse) is numbly resigned to the belief that man begins in dreams and ends in dust.

### Greatest Pulpist

MAX BRAND (199 pp.)—Edited by Durrell C. Richardson—Fantasy (\$3).

A dead man was telling tales last week to almost as many readers as any man alive. In the eight years since his death, 28 of his novels have sold at an average rate of 200,000 apiece in hard and soft covers: two of them have sold more than 1,000,000 copies; three others have passed the 500,000 mark. Writers such as Erle Stanley Gardner and Mickey Spillane have sold more in the paper-back market, but in the long run, the dead man might yet beat them all. In his estate he left



© Publifoto

NOVELIST BUZZATI  
The best he can think of is death.

more than 50 complete novels still to be published.

Who in the world was this phantom—the author of *Singing Guns*, *Destry Rides Again*, the *Dr. Kildare* series? Few of his readers knew him by his proper name. They knew him as 19 other people: Frank Austin, George Owen Baxter, Lee Bolt, Walter C. Butler, George Challis, Peter Dawson, Martin Dexter, Evan Evans, Evin, Evan, John Frederick, Frederick Frost, Dennis Lawton, M.B., David Manning, Peter Henry Morland, Hugh Owen, Nicholas Silver, Henry Uriel and—most often—Max Brand.

**Faust of California.** Under each of these pseudonyms, "a very obscure and hardworking fellow" compiled a separate



Associated Press

FRED FAUST  
A phenomenal flow of unreality.

tower of fascinating babble as massive as the lifetime production of any common word-slinger. In *Max Brand*, a volume containing a biographical sketch, some testimonial essays and a prodigious index of the man's works, the "tormented genius" of the "greatest" pulp writer of all time is volubly celebrated.

Frederick Shiller Faust was his real name. Born in Seattle in 1892 of a poor family, he had written enough by the time he was ten to acquire "a sense of high destiny." At the University of California he was editor of the humor magazine and, he acknowledged, "the best known of campus writers."

Out of school in 1915, he joined the Canadian army, deserted because his unit wasn't going to France. Back home he joined the U.S. Army, fell ill in camp, and developed a fibrillation (muscle quiver) in his heart. The doctors consigned him, at 25, to a rocking chair for the rest of his life.

Fibrillating with indignation, Fred Faust sat down at a typewriter and began drumming out fiction at a rate unknown since Walter Scott dashed off the Waverley novels. The pulps, expanding rapidly in the early '20s, began to buy him right away.

**\$70,000 a Year.** In 27 years of production, Faust ground out about 30 million words. His annual output was often close to 2,000,000 words. He wrote more than 200 novels and hundreds of short stories. He wrote them in all the fields—detective, romance, sport, aviation, science fiction—but he was at his best in westerns.

The paradox of all this productivity is that Faust hated to write prose. "Junk," he called everything he did. "Gibberish." He really wanted to be a poet. Morning after morning, Faust locked himself in his study and vainly wooed the muse with a quill pen, until he was brain-fagged with failure. In the afternoon he turned to his typewriter and beat it out for dear old bread & butter.

It took plenty of both, and more besides, to satisfy Fred Faust's appetite for life. For years he and his wife and three children lived in a handsome villa in Italy, heavily staffed and mountaineously supplied with the good things of life. Wherever Fred went, he bought drinks and food for the house. "I now need to make \$70,000 a year," he said in his hey-day, "simply to keep my mouth and nose above water."

Somewhat, to the bewilderment of his doctors, Faust's heart stood up to the burden he put on it. It held to the end, in 1944, when a German shell fragment pierced his chest while he was serving as a war correspondent for *Harper's* in the Garigliano sector of the Italian front.

In post-mortem, some of the contributors to *Max Brand* have tried to assess the essence of Faust. They fail because there was no real essence to Faust's writing—unless it was the gooey residue of boiled pulp. There was only a phenomenal flow of unreality, as impressive as an endless herd of buffalo stamping upside down across the sky in a mirage.

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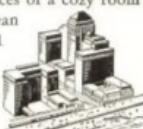
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## MISCELLANY

**Seniority.** In Covington, Ky., James Riggs, 95, told police who arrived to help his 65-year-old son take him home from a tavern: "I'll go home with you guys, but no rummy-nosed kid is going to tell me what to do."

**Fated.** In Camden, N.J., a judge recommended divorce for Mrs. Joseph Lane after she testified that her husband kept a revolver and a bullet marked with her initials, told her: "This bullet is especially for you, dear."

**All or Nothing.** In Roswell, N. Mex., while being tried in juvenile court for stealing five cars, twelve-year-old Arley Lewis bolted from the courtroom, ran ten blocks, stole a sixth car.

**Extra Precaution.** In Los Angeles, when University of Southern California Professor Kenneth L. Trefftz hired a contractor to build him a fireproof roof, a melting machine caught fire and burned down his house.

**About the House.** In Cincinnati, Mrs. Margurite Hall sued her husband for \$6,000 damages, charging that she would have had a "desirably situated" apartment, if he had not 1) removed a door, 2) taken down the chimney so the soot blew back in, 3) made a twelve-foot opening in the basement wall which froze the pipes and deprived her of running water.

**Last Respects.** In Salyersville, Ky., Moonshiner Clyde Joseph, 32, charged with murdering 63-year-old Hager Joseph during an argument about a still, told police: "I hated awful bad to kill Uncle Hag. He was a good man."

**Oversight.** In Stevens Point, Wis., during a stop for gas, Mrs. Robert Benson slipped out of the back seat to visit the restroom, and her husband drove on for 93 miles before discovering she wasn't in the car.

**Critic.** In Toledo, George E. Mischovich, fed up with TV, was charged with assault & battery after his wife complained that he fired nine times at their flickering TV screen, missed, fired twice at her, missed again.

**Slightly Used.** In Pittsburgh, Barbara W. Ford notified police that her car had been stolen, received it eight days later minus engine, five wheels, five tires, three brake drums, one battery, two tail lights, and two floor mats.

**Monopoly.** In Milwaukee, Stripteaser Patricia McQuillan, whose bust, she says, is insured for \$50,000 with Lloyd's of London, filed a \$25,000 damage suit against a theater operator for "trademark infringement and unfair competition," charging he advertised other dancers under her slogan: "\$50,000 Treasure Chest."



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